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# Cain

by

Betty D. Thornley

THERE'S many a man in flaring hell
For a single twist o' the knife;
There's many a rotting prison-corpse
That keeps his cell for life;
But there's none will stand
By the man who planned
With a Pit-perverted skill
To mint the world with a German die—
At the price of a million-kill!

It isn't the Uhlan battle-thirst,
It isn't the Belgian rage,
It isn't the English greed for land
That mires the reeking stage,
But the monstrous plan
Of a Single Man
With a world-engulfing will,
Who calls to the vultures out o' the north
To feast on a million-kill.

The Kaiser sits in an armoured train,
Far back from the battle-grip.
It's the Leipzig boy and the Paris boy
Who crouch where the bullets nip.
It's the Antwerp man
Who is ending his span
With a blood-choked prayer, if he will,
As he lies by the side of the Liverpool lad
In the Kaiser's million-kill.

The Kaiser's mother—rest her soul!—
She hides her face in heaven.
She prays that she were the Yorkshire maid,
Or the widowed wife in Devon.
They mourn their dead
With proud-held head,
Whose souls are in God's will;
She mourns for the thrice-damned soul of him
Who planned the million-kill!

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# The Man Who Put It Over

SIR JOHN FRENCH, THE LITTLE ENGLISH GENERAL WHOSE FIELD TACTICS HAVE NOT ONLY SURPRISED THE KAISER, BUT THE ONLOOKING NATIONS IN THE WORLD'S MOST STUPENDOUS CONFLICT.

## By Captain W. Robert Foran

Illustrated from Photographs

TO those whose memories of the Boer war are still fresh, the name of Field Marshal John Denton Pinkstone French will spell magnificent dash, able generalship, and all-round efficiency. He is a past-master in tactics and strategy, and he has kept very much up to date in all continental and foreign military matters. "Johnny" French, as he is popularly known by his comrades of the army, is a born soldier, a brilliant cavalry leader, and a general to whom all must look with confidence. Like his comrade, Earl Kitchener, French is a comparatively young man for a Field Marshal, for he is not quite sixty-two years of age. But in common with Kitchener he has justly earned his rapid rise in his profession. I do not suppose that there is one general in the British army to-day, with the exception of Roberts and Kitchener, who is more popular with all ranks.

Like his fellow Field Marshal, Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., French began his career in the Royal Navy, and he is none the worse for this experience. The Royal Navy is the salt of the earth as well as of the sea. His father was a captain and so "Johnny" French joined the training ship "Britannia" as a cadet and served for four years in this capacity and as a midshipman. But his natural military instincts impelled him to leave the senior service. The army offered more chances for fighting, and being an Irishman, his heart hungered for it.

### *It was French that "Dropped from the Clouds on Their Heads" at Barberton*

He joined the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars as a subaltern in 1874, shortly afterwards transferring to the 19th Queen Alexandra's Own Hussars. He did not obtain his desire for active service until the chance came in 1884 in the Sudan, when he fought throughout that hard campaign and was present at the battles of Abu Klea, Gubut, and Metemmeh. His experiences at the time have stood him in good stead and he makes full use of them. After commanding his regiment for four years, he served in important cavalry staff appointments for four more years. Then came his first real chance to show his ability as a cavalry leader, for he was promoted as Brigadier General, to command the 2nd Cavalry Brigade. Shortly afterward he was made temporary Major General in charge of the First Cavalry Brigade at Aldershot. It was a lucky thing for him, as it gave him his chance once more on active service. At the outbreak of the Boer war he was appointed to command the Cavalry Division in Natal with the local rank of Major General.

French at once showed the stuff of which he was made and his brilliant leadership was largely responsible for the successes of the cavalry at Elandslaagte, Reitfontein and Lombards' Kop. From that time onwards he was a marked man and acclaimed the best cavalry general in South Africa. His Natal successes brought him promotion to Major General and the temporary appointment as Lieutenant General in command of the Cavalry Division in Lord Roberts' army. Natal brought him two mentions in despatches for highly creditable work and Knighthood in the Order of the Bath.

He commanded the cavalry troops in the operations about Colesburg and highly acquitted himself of the task entrusted to his care; then came his brilliant work in command of Roberts' cavalry in the advance on Pretoria, the capture of Cronje after the relief of Kimberley, the capture of Bloemfontein and the battles east of Pretoria. In these latter engagements Lord Roberts mentioned French no less than eight times in three days when writing his despatches to the War Office. His later South African services culminated in the capture of Barberton, the operations in the Eastern Transvaal which went so far towards ending the long war, and his relentless wearing down of the rebels in the Cape Colony.

The Sudan campaign and the Boer war are French's only two experiences of active service, but they are more than many other generals have had, including most of the Continental leaders. Even if he had not tasted real warfare French has for years attended all the military manoeuvers of the foreign armies and has kept himself well posted on military developments and changes in tactics. His experiences as Inspector General of the Forces of the British Empire have aided him considerably in the task that is now before him.

### *He Forgot His Book of Tactics to Play the Boers at Their Own Game —and Beat Them*

As a proof of the confidence reposed in him, it is only necessary to look at his rapid rise since his return as a Lieutenant General from the Boer war. In twelve years he has risen to General and recently to Field Marshal, has held all the highest posts possible from the command of the First Army Corps to Chief of the Imperial Staff, First Military Member of the Army Council and Inspector General of the Imperial Forces. He is an Aide-de-Camp General to the King and a General Officer Commanding-in-Chief (First Class). There is practically no other post of greater trust which he can fill.

Now all the British Empire rests its eyes upon him and hopes that he will display the same brilliant qualities of leadership that he developed in the Boer war. It is too early to predict the end. This ghastly European conflict will break many ideals in generalship, and it will bring to light many soldiers who have never before been heard of. War is either the grave of reputations or else the birth of careers.

But up to the time of writing this appreciation, "Johnny" French has

proved his ability as a general very conclusively. The British forces have borne the brunt of the fighting and acquitted themselves well. French's mind is primarily responsible for undoubted successes. Day by day his generalship outwitted the Germans. In spite of their much superior force, he evaded their efforts to entrap his army, minimized the loss of life, and kept his army intact, a perfect fighting machine. His strategy and tactics have called forth the repeated admiration of General Joffre, the French commander-in-chief.

The first detailed report made by him, published on September tenth, covering operations along the French frontier and the four days' battle that began at Mons that memorable Sunday afternoon, is already a military classic. Matter-of-fact, brief, concise, crediting his subordinates with their share of the work, it puts before the reader unforgettably the deadly business of war.

Military experts attribute his masterly retreat during those four days of fighting, and later, to the lessons he learned in the Boer war. General French knew that the time for a stand had not yet come, and he was too experienced a campaigner not to go "while the going was good." He knew when to retreat and when to retreat fast. Thus he saved his army.

The English general of the pre-Boer war school would have stayed to fight and would have fought until all chance of successful retreat was past. But, as a great general has said, "The only school of war is war," and in war General French learned how to outmanoeuvre the generals of the most military nation in the world.

All the accepted tactics of modern warfare have been ruthlessly shattered in this campaign. It was the same in the Boer war. When other generals were hopelessly at sea in South Africa, owing to the newness of the strategy and character of fighting, Johnny French forgot his book of tactics and suited himself at once to the altered conditions. It is a faculty that he possesses, and it is one that is invaluable. French played the Boers at their own game; and he played it better than they played it. It is this adaptability which is likely to prove his greatest asset in the new war. His mind, like his body, works swiftly and to purpose. He is seldom, if ever, at a loss what to do; he knows what he wants and gets it; he knows how to inculcate his own sound judgment into others; and he can secure the very best from his command.

My first meeting with French took place in the Orange River Colony when Lord Roberts' army was marching victoriously towards Pretoria. I had ridden into the camp of French's cavalry Division bearing despatches for the little General. The Division was camped at a Boer farm house, which had been deserted the day before by its owners on hearing that the "Kerel" French was coming. The Boers feared him even more than they did Roberts, for was not French the slimmest of the slimmest, had he not played them at their own game and gone one better?

The little farm house was a strangely altered scene from what it had been in the morning. Where at sunrise a few oxen grazed quietly, now the veldt was covered with a great division of men and horses. As I rode up, red-lapelled staff officers came hurriedly through the rooms and passed back and forth on missions from the General. Now and then a very dapper little man in brown riding-boots walked out on to the stoep, and said something that caused men to spring to take papers from his hand, mount, and ride away at breakneck speed. It was French. I knew that at once from descriptions that had been given of him.

A very anxious looking staff officer dismounted stiffly from his horse, handed the reins to an orderly who had ridden with him, and stalked inside the house. A few minutes later he re-

*Photograph Underwood & Underwood, New York*

FIELD MARSHAL SIR JOHN FRENCH, WHO SUCCEEDED IN DEFEATING THE LEADING MILITARY NATION OF THE WORLD IN THE SECOND MONTH OF THE WAR

appeared with the dapper General, both of them talking quickly in low tones. French held a half-unrolled map in his hands, seated himself on an empty biscuit-box, spread the map out flat on his knees, and used his forefinger as an emphatic pointer. He appeared to be insisting upon something of the utmost importance. The staff officer finally smiled and nodded, whereat a look of pleased satisfaction spread over the brick-red, square-featured face of the stout little general. With a cheery "All right. Good night !" he strode inside the house once more, and the staff officer rode rapidly away in a cloud of dust. "Johnny" French, I assured myself, must have another of those wonderful movements of his simmering in his active brain.

A few minutes later I was ushered into the great man's presence and delivered my message. He was all courtesy, very businesslike, and wasted no words. I had a chance to see him then closer than at any other time.

Somehow French does not strike you with any idea of his being the wonderful man he really is, smart and quick to move—except when you take particular notice of his shrewd, twinkling little eyes that seem to take in everything about him. He most certainly does not look the ideal cavalry leader. There is nothing of a Brigadier Gerard in his appearance. He is short, dumpy, jaunty, sitting a horse rather like the proverbial sack of flour. If you were to see him booted and spurred in Aldershot town during manoeuvres, you would be justified on appearances in placing him as a colonel of infantry, who had learned to ride from a Red-Book in a riding school, only acquiring the slight knowledge at considerable effort. And yet, I know he is a great fox-hunting man, and rides straight to hounds over everything.

When I saluted him, he returned it courteously and with a smiling face—very different to Kitchener. When he finds fault, so I have heard from those qualified to speak with authority, there is no mistaking his meaning. Staff officers have told me that his vocabulary does not lack emphasis nor color. Once upon a time he had spoken to a luckless Brigadier of his Division, who had contrived to mask the guns of "French's Pets" in a certain action with the Boers. It was added that the recipient of his address appeared to be praying for the advent of a six-inch shell by way of a change of subject. It may not be true—these things have a way of being exaggerated in the telling—but they report that French sar-

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# The Red Badge of Courage

## DUCHESS, FINE LADY, COUNTRY WOMAN, FACTORY GIRL, THIS IS THE TALE OF THOSE WHO GAVE INSTEAD OF GOING

## By Irene Wrenshall

Illustrated from Photographs

IN THE RED CROSS WORKROOMS THERE IS LITTLE TALK OF THE WAR. "IF WE LET OURSELVES SPEAK OF IT, THE WORK WOULD NEVER BE FINISHED," THE WOMEN SAY, AS THEIR FINGERS FLY WITH THE NEEDLES

"THESE are three pillows made by a neighbor of mine and myself. She sewed the ticks and I found the feathers. We're going to make more, but we hurried these in," and the greyhaired little lady laid her fat fluffy parcel on the Headquarters' table. She'd carried it all the way down in the street car, though it was big enough to have caused the dear knows how many smiles if you hadn't seen the steady grey eyes—the far-gazing, battle-seeing eyes—above the bundle.

For the Headquarters belonged to the Women's Patriotic League and the little lady had a brother in the British Regulars, and the morning paper 'longside her Bible.

She had hardly explained her errand, when a handsomely dressed Jewess stepped up to the table.

"We've offers from a number of Jewish factory girls," she said. "They can't give or go, you know, but they say they'll come and sew in the evenings. Our club is providing the room. Will you tell us what to work at ?"

The phone rang.

"The Sisters of St. Blank want to

know if we can give them something to do. They'll turn the whole convent on to it," said the woman with the note-book, "what'll we send ?"

That's how it goes. You really can't interview any of these busy workers. But then again you don't need to. Bring your camera eye and your dictaphone pencil, and the scenario will work out as you go along.

When, in the first rush of enthusiasm the suggestion to raise funds for the equipment of a hospital ship was made by the I. O. D. E., and the idea taken up with an eagerness which carried the venture to a splendid finish on a wave of strong feeling, a central committee was formed in Toronto composed of representatives of all the women's societies. The enthusiasm was not confined to the Queen City, but spread with unabated zeal all over Canada. Even yet, though the fund has been closed and the money—which swelled to the sum of $243,000.00—has been sent, through H. R. H. the Duchess of Connaught, to the Admiralty, to be used, not as was first intended for a hospital ship but for the "Canadian Women's Hospital" at Portsmouth, England, money is still coming in.

When the collecting in Toronto was completed by a general Flag Day, and while funds were still pouring in from all parts of the country, even from the smallest villages and country places, where the Women's Institutes made known the noble cause, there were sceptics who said, "It is one thing for these women-officers and workers of all the Women's Clubs and societies, to go around in autos and wave flags and collect funds, but it will be quite another matter when the practical work is to be done, when the soldiers need comforts, and the wounded need supplies." But events have proved the contrary.

*Photograph Underwood & Underwood, New York*
RED CROSS NURSES BEING INSPECTED BY MR. LOWTHER, THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, JUST BEFORE THEIR DEPARTURE FOR THE FRONT

Scarcely were the returns for the Hospital Ship funds counted up when the Central committee was again busy, this time consulting with the Red Cross Society as to what would be necessary for hospital supplies and comforts for the men. It was decided to retain this central committee—perhaps the strongest body of women ever organized in Canada, because representative of every one of the women's societies, national, religious, political, and social—and to offer it to the Government as an instrument for patriotic service "under orders from the Red Cross Society." The offer was enthusiastically accepted and a general secretary was appointed for all outside work.

They did not organize as a branch of the Red Cross Society, because the situation seemed to ask of these willing workers not only provision for the soldiers, both wounded and well, but also for those left behind and those who, as a result of the war might feel the pinch of poverty and want, so the name chosen was the Women's Patriotic League of Toronto, and in the circulars sent out to the different local councils of women and societies of all kinds in other places, an effort has

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TWO WOUNDED SOLDIERS ON THEIR WAY BACK TO THE TRENCHES, ONE OF THEM PROUDLY DISPLAYING A TROPHY—THE CAP OF A DEAD GERMAN

# The Mystery of the Jade Earring

## By Henry Kitchell Webster

*Author of "The Butterfly," "The Whispering Man," etc.*

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

"WHAT IN THE WORLD HAVE YOU PEOPLE BEEN TALKING ABOUT?

### CHAPTER I.

WHAT THEY FOUND IN THE ICE.

WE didn't often talk about crimes in our family. Not, at least, about the mysterious, inexplicable crimes of violence that trumpeted their horrors at you every little while from the front pages of the papers. When you have been there yourself, have seen names you know and love pilloried there, you understand, altogether too well, how it feels to take an idle, curious interest when the thing happens to some one else.

But this present mystery proved an exception. It seemed so completely detached from all human motive, so devoid of the usual accessories of grief and agony and shame, that we found ourselves discussing it that night without reservation—Jack and Gwendolyn, his pretty young wife, and Madeline and I. If we discussed it with a sort of exaggerated nonchalance, which showed that really in the background of all our minds, that other mystery still lurked and cast its shadow—the murder of the man who had been Madeline's husband and Jack's father—I doubt if any outsider would have been able to detect it.

But Jeffrey wasn't an outsider. And he has the most amazingly sensitive perceptions of any man I know. That is, perhaps, the reason why he can paint the way he can; can open up the innermost recesses of character in those beautiful, terrible canvases of his. We weren't expecting him; didn't know, indeed, that he'd come back from his three months' vacation. And you might have expected that our surprise and pleasure at the sight of him and the warmth of our greeting would have veiled everything else. We were all trying to shake hands with him at once and patting him on the back, demanding to know when he returned and why he didn't tell us in advance; so that we gave him no chance to answer and hardly to take off his overcoat.

But, instead of even trying to answer, he stepped back and stood looking at us, from one face to another, and puckered up his eyebrows in a puzzled frown.

"What in the world," he asked, "have all you people been talking about?"

Nobody answered for a minute. There was something almost uncanny about it. Madeline gave a little shiver. Jack's wife stood looking at Jeffrey with that level, thoughtful look of hers, and finally said:

"I'm glad I haven't any secrets. Could you keep your own, do you think, as well as you can read other people's?"

"I don't know," said Jeffrey. "It would be an interesting experiment to try. But what a perfectly detestable character you're giving me. I own I deserve it, walking into a roomful of people and asking them what they've been talking about."

"You know perfectly well," said Madeline, "that in this household there never could be a wish to keep anything from you. You've earned, many times over, the right to ask us what we have been talking about. But in this case it wasn't a secret at all. We were talking about the girl they found in the ice last month."

Jeffrey looked puzzled. "Found in the ice?" he questioned. "Who?"

"You don't mean to say you haven't heard of it!" I cried. "The country's been ringing with it."

"Yes, but I haven't been in the country," said Jeffrey. "I only landed late this afternoon. Went straight over to the Atlas, got my first freshwater bath in three weeks, dined, and came up here. Didn't even stop to read the evening papers."

"You're looking pretty well," I commented, "certainly a sight better than when you went away. You had us all worried."

"It was fearfully unmannerly of me," said Jeffrey to Madeline, "to run off that way without a word, but I suspect I did need a rest pretty badly. I decided to go all in a minute. The decorators were at work there in the studio, and every time they pulled down a bit of loose plaster I went up in the air. So at last I gave the key to my Jap and fled. But I am a lot better."

"Sit down," I commanded him, "and light a pipe, and tell us all about it—where you've been and what you've been doing."

Jeffrey lighted a pipe obediently enough, and settled down in the big chair which Jack rolled round in front of the fire for him, but then instead of beginning his "Odyssey," as I had commanded him, he smoked in silence

for a minute, then turned to Gwendolyn and asked:

"What about the girl in the ice? Oh, my adventures will keep!" he went on, as I started to protest. "You will be hearing about them for the next six months. A returned traveler's a nuisance, anyway. Besides, you've whetted my curiosity. Be a good chap and let Mrs. Jack satisfy it."

It was natural that he should have turned to Gwendolyn for the story. We all did that when we wanted the facts about anything. Her voice was so lovely, in the first place, that there was a sort of sensuous pleasure just in listening to her. And then, when Gwendolyn told it, you knew it was so.

People have a way of talking about truth-telling as if it were simply a matter of good intentions. You have told the truth unless you meant to be a liar. And yet, if you will stop to think, you can probably call to mind half a dozen people whom you know are honest, and whom you wouldn't believe on oath. And if you're a lawyer like me, your difficulty would be the other way; to think of half a dozen whose account of an occurrence you could believe absolutely and literally and without discounts or reservations. Well, Gwendolyn would certainly head the list in my half dozen.

"I don't know where you were two months ago," Gwendolyn began, "and you may not have heard that we had a week of the coldest weather they have known here since they began to keep the records. The thermometer stayed below zero for six days. Most of the time it was a long way below. It came very suddenly, so that the river, which had been entirely open, froze, within that week, over eight inches deep, and the ice people began cutting.

"It was early in January, about the tenth I think, that an ice-cutter at Silver Springs discovered a body frozen in the ice. It was a girl—a young woman somewhere in her twenties. Even in the pictures they took of her, she was very, very beautiful. And what she must have been really—well one can imagine it! Because, you see, the body wasn't changed at all. It had frozen just exactly as it was, probably within a few hours after it had been put in the water."

"Been put!" echoed Jeffrey. "Then she hadn't drowned herself?"

"No," said Gwendolyn, "it was murder. She had been shot through the heart."

"Still," interrupted Jeffrey, "why murder? Why not suicide with the revolver and a tumble into the river?"

"It was murder," said I, for Gwendolyn had hesitated over the horror of the thing.

"No powder marks around the wound, I suppose," suggested Jeffrey. "Shot fired from a distance."

I nodded.

"How was she dressed?" he concluded. He turned to Gwendolyn with that question.

"That's one of the weirdest things about it," said Gwendolyn. "She was in evening dress, dressed as if for a ball, and her hair—perfectly wonderful hair, it must have been from the picture—was done that way, too."

"And they haven't identified her?" questioned Jeffrey. "If the body was literally in perfect preservation—"

"It was," said Gwendolyn. "You could even see the pressure marks of the rings on her fingers, they said."

"That points to robbery, doesn't it?" said Jeffrey. "She'd have worn her rings to the ball."

"She hadn't been at the ball," said Gwendolyn. "At least, she wasn't in ball dress when she was murdered. There was no bullet-hole in the bodice of her gown and no stain of blood on the white satin. They dressed her that way after she was killed. So you see it wasn't robbery."

"I can't help thinking," Gwendolyn concluded, "that the murder was committed by some insane person. Sure-

"NO," SAID GWENDOLYN. "IT WAS MURDER. SHE HAD BEEN SHOT THROUGH THE HEART"

y it doesn't seem that any one in his senses would have run that risk and taken that trouble to do what, one would think, must make the identification easier."

"It is possible," said Jeffrey, "that if he'd read the weather reports, he wouldn't have done it."

The remark sounded perfectly flippant to me, but I caught a sudden look of intelligence in Gwendolyn's eyes and saw that Jeffrey had meant something by it. In the same moment he saw the bewilderment in mine.

"Assuming," he explained, "that the person was still sane, he might almost safely have counted on the current carrying the body away altogether and its never being found. And if he wanted to dispose of the dress at the same time, perhaps that was as good a way to do it as any. But he didn't count on the freeze. That must have caused him some pretty bad nights, I should think, and days hardly better. It's perfectly extraordinary, when you come to think of it, that she hasn't been identified. You say the pictures were published in the papers ?"

"Everywhere !" I exclaimed. "The country's been ringing with it."

"Well," said Jeffrey, in the tone of one who dismisses the subject, "that's very interesting."

"Wait a minute !" exclaimed Jack. "I can show you the picture. I cut it out of the paper and laid it away somewhere."

"Don't bother !" exclaimed Jeffrey.

"No bother at all." Jack already had his hand on the door.

"To tell you the truth," Jeffrey admitted, "I don't believe I want to look at it. Let's talk about something else. Dead faces are beginning to get a little on my nerves. Oh, it's nothing serious," he went on, seeing the look of surprise on our faces, "and no doubt it's silly of me to feel that way about it. But—well, I mean it just the same."

"I suppose," said Madeline, "that you're loaded up with commissions after your vacation. You must have sitters three or four deep, clamoring at your studio door."

"I don't know," said Jeffrey. "I haven't seen my business man since I came back. Haven't even been to my studio. But I hope to Heaven he doesn't get me any more commissions like the last one. You knew what that was, didn't you ?" He turned to me. "The thing I was at work on when I bolted ?"

"I seem to remember," said I, "that you were doing some work for Miss Meredith."

"*The* Miss Meredith ?" questioned Madeline.

Jeffrey nodded. "The same. The queer, rich, invisible Miss Meredith."

We all exclaimed over his last word.

"Invisible ! Then what were you painting ? A spirit-picture of her ?"

The last question was Jack's. It seemed to affect Jeffrey a little unpleasantly, for he gave a little shake to his head as one will when a fly is buzzing about one's ear.

"I wasn't doing a portrait of her," he exclaimed. "I was painting from a photograph, and a few relics and souvenirs, what was meant for a portrait of a niece of hers—I think it was a niece—who, I understand, died several years ago."

I laughed. "I knew some men did that sort of work. It's rather a new line for you, isn't it ?"

"Never before," said Jeffrey, "and never again ! Of course they offered me a perfectly immoral price for it, but even at that I shouldn't have done it, except for the fact that I found the photograph they showed me rather attractive."

"Beautiful, I suppose," said Madeline. "That shouldn't be wondered at. They say Miss Meredith was a great beauty in her day."

"Yes," said Jeffrey, "it was extraordinarily beautiful."

"That wasn't what you meant though," commented Gwendolyn.

"No, it wasn't," Jeffrey admitted. "There was something about it that was queer. I—I don't believe I can explain it any better than that. And that's not explaining it at all."

He fell into a little thoughtful silence, and we all watched him curiously. I'd felt all the evening, and I found after he'd gone that the others shared the feeling, a sense of difference in him.

He seemed well again, but I felt perfectly sure that the thing he had recovered from cut a good deal deeper than a mere attack of nerves, and had a solider cause than the activities of the decorators who were pulling down loose plaster in his studio-building.

Whatever that cause was, he didn't mean to tell it. He brought back with a little effort, I would have sworn, his old smile and took up the conversation again.

"The queerest thing about it is," he said, "that Miss Meredith herself never came to see me, nor let me come to see her. I wasn't surprised when the arrangements for the portrait were made by a man who seemed to be a sort of confidential agent of hers, as well as her private physician—a rather charming chap, named Crow. When the arrangements were completed and I expressed a wish to talk with Miss Meredith herself, as some one who had known the girl whose portrait I was to paint, and could supply me with some of those intimate little details, tricks of speech, habits of manner, and so on, that you have to know before you can paint a portrait, Crow seemed a little embarrassed and said he was afraid it was impossible.

"Miss Meredith was in a rather disturbed, nervous state and couldn't see anybody. If I'd ask him the questions, or, better still, write them out, he'd undertake to get answers for me. I was in two minds about chucking up the whole thing, but it seemed Miss Meredith was very anxious that I paint the portrait. And then—well, I wanted to paint it myself."

The same troubled, thoughtful look came back into his face with that last sentence.

"How did you come out with it ?" I asked. "I suppose under such a handicap, it would be impossible to really satisfy her."

"On the contrary," said Jeffrey, "she was greatly pleased with it. She came to the studio to see it the day I went away."

"Surely you saw her then ?" said Jack.

Jeffrey shook his head. "No," said he. "They made a special arrangement to come and look at it while I was out. As a matter of fact, I haven't been back to the studio myself since she came and saw it. Crow called me up at my apartment that evening and congratulated me on having succeeded so well with it."

He fell silent again after that. Said nothing at all for a long time. At last, with a little sigh, and another shake of the head, he rose to go.

"I'm quite all right again," he assured us. "You're not to worry about me," for he saw plainly enough what we were thinking. "All I need is work, and I imagine there's plenty of that stacked up ahead of me at the studio."

But, after he had got into his overcoat and gloves, he stood a moment looking at us thoughtfully, hat in hand, his other hand on the door-knob.

"You people were faced once with an insoluble contradiction," he said slowly—"a thing that must be true and yet couldn't be true. Well, that's the sort of problem I've been gnawing away at for the last three months—a perfect circle. You follow it all the way around, and bring up where you began. I'm going to quit. I'm going back to work. Good night !"

And with a nod he was gone.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE FIRST COVERT.

WHEN I walked into my office about half past nine the next morning, I was greeted by my clerk with the information that Jeffrey had been trying to get me and wanted me to call him up as soon as I came in. While we were

talking, the phone rang and Madeline called to say that Jeffrey had been trying to get me at the house. So, without stopping to take off my overcoat or hat, I called up his studio.

I heard him unhook the receiver before the bell had stopped ringing, and knew he must have been waiting by the instrument for my call. The quality of his voice shocked me. It was harassed, uneven, keyed up clear to the breaking-point with unnatural excitement.

"I'm awfully sorry to trouble you, old man," he said. "It's a shame to break up your work right at the beginning of the day, but I guess you'll have to come to the rescue."

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Do you mind coming up? I can't leave here for an hour or two, and I simply can't talk over the phone."

"I'll be in the Subway in three minutes," said I. "Hold hard till I get there."

With that I hung up, told my clerk I probably shouldn't be back that morning, and started up-town. I'd have been wise, I suppose, to put a brief in my pocket to read on the way up—something to keep me from speculating and worrying about Jeffrey's case until I had some data to go on. But I doubt if anything could have kept my mind off him.

Jeffrey wasn't one of my oldest friends—not one of that little group of people all of us carry along in diminishing numbers through life from boyhood—people whose circumstances and relations we know almost instinctively; people whose world we were born a part of. Friends of this class we are apt to think we know all about. And, as far as externals go, we do. Really, we are likely to know very little indeed about their interior qualities — their soul-machinery—and we live along side by side with them for years, in a state of partial or sometimes total misunderstanding.

The friendship between Jeffrey and me was the other sort. We were both grown-up men when we first laid eyes on each other, and the thing that made our friendship was a sort of instinctive sympathy—a mutual ability to understand each other—that had carried us across all the preliminaries of mere acquaintance in one jump.

The result of this was that, so far as externals went, we knew relatively little about each other. It had never seemed worth while to stop to tell, when there were so many more important and interesting things to talk about. Jeffrey, I was sure, couldn't have furnished a would-be biographer with any connected account of my existence previous to our meeting three or four years ago, and I was in the same case with him.

I knew he was a brilliantly successful portrait-painter; I knew, in a fragmentary way, that as a very young man he had supported himself as a newspaper artist. I knew he had a perfectly enormous list of casual acquaintances—people from every walk of life, 'way down to the very lowest strata of the underworld.

I have described him heretofore as a man of pure genius—a man who relied, further than any one else I have ever known, on a queer set of intuitions that seemed to begin where ordinary logical processes of thought left off. He claimed, you may remember, a special extra sense for crime; said he could detect crime on a man's soul as easily as I could detect whisky on his breath.

It was a perfectly unbelievable claim,

"I GOT EIGHTEEN DOLLARS FOR IT, TO GIVE TO THOSE LEECHES. YOU CAN PROSECUTE AND BE DAMNED"

of course, and I should have treated it as fanciful, except for the uncanny demonstration of it which he had given in our own mystery—the mystery of Dr. Marshall and the Whispering Man. Jeffrey had solved that and had done it, so far as any of us could see, by the exercise of this same sheer intuition, which he claimed. Either by that or by the blindest luck in the world. And in doing so he had saved Gwendolyn's life.

In a word, I knew the man himself as intimately, perhaps, as I knew any one in the world, except Madeline. But about his history I knew nothing. I couldn't even have sworn that he had no brothers or sisters, though I had never heard of any. A perfect stranger might have come to me and told me any sort of weird or tragic adventure as having belonged to Jeffrey's past somewhere, and I couldn't have contradicted him.

I did know this though: he was the sort of person adventures happen to—imaginative, possessed occasionally by powerful impulses; full of that strange quality we call, for the lack of a better word, temperament. Given the right combination of circumstances and the right incentive, and Jeffrey might have done almost anything.

So I will have to confess that as I rode up-town on my way to his studio, knowing only that he was in some sudden, unexpected difficulty, my thoughts ran riot. I conjectured a whole chamber of horrors about him—terrible hands reaching out of that blank past of his and snatching at him. I'd have said, when I knocked at his studio door, that nothing I could find on the other side of it would surprise me.

But what I did find did surprise me, and that was nothing—nothing out of the ordinary, I mean. There was no veiled lady in black, looming tragically in a dark corner; no mysterious communication; no spot—oh, I had been ready for anything!—of blood on the studio floor. Simply everything as I had always seen it, and Jeffrey himself—quite his old self, smiling apologetically and holding out his hand to me.

"I telephoned you not to come," he said, "but you had already started. I was too late. I'm dreadfully sorry. There's nothing the matter—nothing that an hour or two won't set right. And I really don't need you a bit. Only, if you've got the leisure, I'd be awfully glad to have you stay."

"Well, but what was it?" I gasped. "What did you think it was?"

Jeffrey didn't answer for a second or two.

"You remember that portrait I was telling you about last night," he asked—"the thing I painted from a photograph for—Miss Meredith?"

I nodded, but Jeffrey wasn't looking at me, so after a moment of silence I said, "Yes."

He brought himself up with a little start. "Well, when I came to the studio this morning, I found it gone. I thought at first that Miss Meredith might have taken it with her the day she came to the studio to look at it—I haven't been back in the place since.

"Of course that would have been an awfully funny thing for her to do; but she's eccentric, they say, so I asked my Jap boy about it. He said no, that didn't happen. They went away and left it just as it was on the easel. So it was perfectly plain that the thing had been stolen.

"It seemed such a queer, inexplicable thing for any one to steal, that I was a little bit upset about it. So I called on you for first aid, as I am afraid I have got the bad habit of doing. But afterward I got a clue that suggested a perfectly plain explanation. I think I'll have the thing back before noon. It's all right, you see. I'm frightfully ashamed of myself for having troubled you with it."

Still he wasn't looking at me, and I stared at his inexpressive back in perfectly blank amazement—amazement that had, I'll admit, a little flavor of indignation in it.

He had given me a very bad quarter of an hour, and his explanation of it seemed absolutely childish. Was the loss of a portrait—a thing that couldn't mean more than two weeks' work to his facile brush—an adequate explanation for that broken cry of distress I had heard over the telephone? The thing was preposterous!

Then I remembered his manner at the house last night; the little shiver with which he had spoken of dead faces, and how they were getting on his nerves; the impatient jerk of his head that had accompanied Jack's jocular remark about a spirit-portrait, and, last of all, the thing he had said just as he was going out the door.

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# Washing Behind Toronto's Ears

## WHEREIN THE DIRTIEST, MOST PICTURESQUE AND MOST SQUALID DISTRICT THAT TORONTO EVER SHIVERED AT AND LIED ABOUT AND TOOK RENTS FROM LEARNS HOW TO SPELL S-O-A-P

### By Betty D. Thornley

Illustrated by Marion Long

CLEANLINESS is next to godliness. This means that, nationally, you get to it first. Having attained and passed on, the body politic reaches back to secure the newly-arrived immigrant, taking him firmly by the scruff of the neck and putting him under the pump as a preliminary measure to turning him over to the forces that make for righteousness. If it be a wise body politic, it also sees to it that the cleansing process is accomplished by an expert in godliness who will need all his stock in trade.

Three years ago in Toronto, Dr. Hastings, newly appointed and forever after zealous Medical Health Officer, summoned into his office a little woman who had been laboring to inculcate the Catechism, pinned a badge on her and told her to go out and clean up the Ward.

Behind her, at that time, there was no police authority, likewise no predecessor to consult, and the warlike doctor was already charging off after the milkdealers, so she couldn't question him. Before her was the dirtiest, most picturesque, most inconceivably squalid one-storey-shack district that Toronto has ever shivered at and lied about and taken rents from.

"Go," said the doctor to the little grey lady, "go and clean it up."

There was just one circumstance that favored the solitary invader. Goliath, many-tongued, voluble, dirt-

ELIJAH, WHO SLEPT CUCUMBERS, WAS AS CLEAN AS A WHITE APRON COULD MAKE HIM

collecting giant, was lazy and lovable, half Jew, half Italian.

But David—lord love you, why David was—*Irish*!

There were 1,200 houses in the Ward with 2,300 families. The latest report gives 800 lodging houses in the city. The Ward had and still has, more than its share, all of them overcrowded.

But that didn't daunt the new Department of Municipal Housekeeping, as it was called. And it merely added zest to the game so far as the first woman Sanitary Instructor was concerned.

"Eighty per cent. of the back yards were disgusting," she said, walking down her main thoroughfare the other day with the reporter and a novice who would some time wear a counterpart of her own bright badge. "I remember one of them—you know what they're like, handkerchief-size—that hadn't been cleaned in eight years. The tenant said so. He said too that he'd be—er—blamed if he'd begin now."

The Inspector got him a shovel from his own shed. She put it into his hands. Then, very softly, she suggested that he begin. There was all-Ulster-let-loose, which is to say Vesuvius-just-about-to in the mild tones that used to raise "Sweet Hour of Prayer" down home in the Mission. Wherefore Sammy froze onto the shovel-handle till he'd removed the worst of it, after which Rachel turned to and did the rest.

Sarah next door conducted a lodging house for more than humans. She was told to wash her woodwork and kerosene same till the Inspector said when.

"Wash the woodwork?" said Sarah in crescendo, "The landlord he don't tell me so. I ain't no right till he says I should."

"Oh yes, you have," said the In-

spector. "Put on the boiler and do it now."

"But the chickens were the worst," the reporter was told, "Everybody in the Ward used to keep them and, as they had next to no yards, they kept them in the house."

Mrs. Damm had evolved a novel and useful little coop by means of mosquito netting applied to the legs of her kitchen table. She was grieved to the heart that the Health Lady didn't approve. But she would submit. Oh yes.

Mrs. Michelena owned an unheard of, not to say almost unholy, luxury in the shape of a porcelain bathtub. Instead of keeping coal in it, as other Ward tub-owners did, she kept chickens. The advantages of the coop were obvious and Tony was warlike, but the Department of Municipal Housekeeping came out on top, and Peggy Plymouthrock and Orpie Orpington were banished to the back yard.

The next week, the Inspector reinspected Mrs. Damm.

"No chicken—no chicken," said Mrs. D., with a too-guileless certitude.

"Yes, chicken," said the Law firmly.

Search having been instituted, it became evident that the mosquito netting had been transferred aloft and now decorated the understructure of the family bed.

"I reached in with a broom," said the Inspector, memories of the war kindling in her eye, "and I shoo'd out eleven chickens. And one duck."

"Did you ever have trouble with live-stock other than chickens?"

"Oh yes, with horses. I had to send one man to court, later on when I had the right, because he would persist in keeping the horse in his kitchen."

But, as Kipling says, that's all "long ago and fur away." It's three years distant, three hard-fought years of smiles and summonses, of battle at the front door and help at the back, a truly Irish, Aprilesque sort of warfare that has ended in tying all the Mrs. Damms and the Mrs. Michelenas tight up to the chariot wheels of their tyrant.

"Missis," said the Inspector, interrupting her monologue to the reporter and making a dive into the many-colored depths of an Italian fruit store, "grapes not covered, peaches not covered."

THAT WE ARE AT FROM DERRY'S ARMS DID THE BRITISH WOMEN OUT OF SHAME AND ITALY TO ROAM AND GAZE ON THE SUN

"NO CHICKEN! NO CHICKEN," SAID MRS. DAMM WITH A TOO-GUILELESS CERTITUDE. "YES, CHICKEN," SAID THE LAW FIRMLY, AND SEARCH FOR THE HEN

Like a naughty child, caught but repentant, Teresina produced a length of cerise netting. The Inspector helped her spread it. Both smiled.

'They're pretty good about it,' said the Law, "I have charge of all the shops and stands and pushcarts in the Ward and I don't have much trouble. But to go back to our story.

No, not yet, for here was Mr. Achilles Popodopulous, hands out in front of his restaurant. Would not the Health Lady come in? Also the Health Lady's lady friends? He had so clean sweep clean tables, kitchen, dishes.

The cortege swept in. It was even as its owner had asserted, and it would be hard to tell who was the more pleased, the Law that had commanded or the liegeman who had obeyed.

A Chinese rabbit-warren across the road was similarly satisfactory.

"They can fool my eyes sometimes," said the Inspector, "but they can't fool my nose. And this place is clean. They say they play fan tan here and smoke opium. I hope not, but of course that isn't my business. I'm here to clean them."

And cleaned up they were, straight through to the queerly-scented kitchen where the slit-eyed Orient sat and peeled potatoes in the half light and doubtless commented on the new inspectors that their High Chief Sapoliolene had in tow.

The second of these now left us to begin her first tour alone, while the Inspector went back to her tales of former times.

"Well, I got them fairly clean at the end of that first year," she said, "garbage in the street to be collected, all covered up. And then what does the Department do but demand garbage cans!"

You can imagine the dismay in Jewry. It was bad enough to sacrifice a might-be-good box to put the waste in, but to go down to the store and buy—yes, BUY—a real, new, money-costing tin and put it out in the road where anyone might steal it—why, the woman was crazy.

"I couldn't sleep," said the Inspector. "If I did I dreamed of garbage cans, rows and rows and rows of them on Centre Avenue. I'd rather have had them than a diamond necklace, and it seemed to me I ran an even less chance of getting them."

Then it was that the Department's choice of an Irishwoman was most blazingly vindicated

"There was a woman on Chestnut Street who—well, she was Irish too, I'm sorry to say—but of course none of the synagogue ladies would have associated with her anyhow. I went and asked her if she'd do me a favor and, 'Lord love you, yes,' she said. So I told her to send to Queen Street and buy a garbage can and put it out next morning.

"I was so afraid she wouldn't that I hardly slept. First thing I was out to see, and there it was, and say, it looked good to me!"

Then what did this wily Delilah from Derry go and do? She summoned all the virtuous women out of Israel and Italy to come and gaze on that can. They wouldn't associate with the Chestnut Avenue lady—oh no—but see, *she* knew enough to obey the Health Department, *she* had a garbage can forninst her front gate. For shame! For shame!

After that, the Garbage Can became the badge of up-to-dateness, not demurely hidden in one's backyard, a la Rosedale, but flaunted to an admiring world, to show that its purchaser and behind-the-blind watcher had "arrived."

"Of course they lapsed once in a while," said the tactician, "some of them I'd find had the can in the house for a bread box or a refrigerator. Once, a woman had made the rounds of the charitable organizations and got it filled with rolled oats. Another one did her washing in it. But each time I'd dump everything out, fill it with real garbage, and scold so hard they just had to do the right thing."

A quick turn into a house punctuated the tale just here.

"Missis, where is your can?" said

Continued on page 426.

# The Wall-flower

## HER LOVER, THE BUTCHER, HER LOVER, THE GROOM, AND HER TREASURE, THE WALL-FLOWER, PLAY HOB WITH CICELY

## By Mary Leslie

*"Revenge is a wild kind of justice."*
*Lord Bacon.*

READER, if it is your luckless lot only to have seen a wall-flower in Canada in a pot, struggling feebly for existence, scraggy and forlorn, sending forth with difficulty a few sweet stunted blossoms, you can have no idea of the grandeur and wonderful attractiveness of the plant in perfection. See it growing wild at its own sweet will on a ruined castle wall in England; clenched in between stones and mortar, nourished from beneath by twenty feet of rotten wood, the decay of centuries; glimpse it standing from five to seven feet high, tossing its long trailing branches of delicious scent abroad, as the wind stirs it, the soft velvet flowers from half a yard to a yard long; or meet a wagon load of them, coming into Covent Garden Market at sunrise, odorous and fragrant, scenting the quiet street as they jog along, and you see one of the most beautiful free sights of old England.

They are of all shades ranging from yellow to dark golden brown, with the richest possible colors in purple, with a charm all their own whether single or double, and a scent belonging to no other flower.

Old maids are sometimes called *"wall flowers"* in derision. I wish every old maid in Canada could see wall flowers as I have seen them, and the name would be an inspiration to them.

The maiden who owned the particular wall-flower of which I write was called "little" Cicely Cockle, from her undersize, and the great height and breadth of her mother, who bore the same name. She dwelt in the village of Ogg, Wilts, just one hundred years ago. Ogg has another syllable to its name, which I drop as superfluous, but it was at that time a notable village, in fact there are two villages of the same name, a mile apart, distinguished by their churches. One is called Ogg St. George—having at the beginning of the last century, a fine chime of bells, and twelve paid ringers—the other village is Ogg St Andrew. They were sometimes called *Saint* Ogg, which is absurd, for Ogg was no saint as every Bible student knows. Little Cicely belonged to the Parish of Ogg St. George—pronounced *"Jarge"* by the Wiltshire people—and she was just fourteen years old when she went to live with Miss Kem, and wait on her. She was small and slight and not very pretty, but light on the foot and bright and capable.

Miss Kem was the daughter of a farmer who owned his land, and bequeathed it to his son Richard, and she had kept house for her brother for forty years, when—for as Miss Kem remarked "you never know what a man will do next"—suddenly, to the surprise of everybody but himself, he married. He had been turning the thing over in his mind for a long time and knew just exactly when he would do it, and that time was when the lease was out, of a cottage left to Miss Kem by her father, in the village of St. Ogg. He had been preparing his sister by hints of the coming event for

a good while, and though that lady declared that when she first realized it, she "felt like a beetle thrown on its back", she soon regained her balance, and came right side up. She reflected that Richard was of age, being turned sixty, that she herself was on the wrong side of seventy, and that she had lately thought that the management of the dairy and farm servants was "over much" for her that she had received the rent of her cottage for forty years and had laid by "a nest egg", and what she had spent was on good bed linen, table linen, and body linen, marked with her own name in full. She remembered that she had her mother's set of china, without one piece broken, and called to mind some good furniture in oak and walnut, left her by a maiden aunt, and stored for many years; so she retired gracefully after the wedding feast. Before that event little Cicely had been engaged at two pounds a year, two new frocks, one for summer, and one for winter (which was equivalent to another pound, for print was a shilling sterling a yard in those days), four print aprons a year, two white caps, and "perquisite", which being interpreted meant sixpenny favors from Miss Kem's visitors. Also, of course, her board.

The cottage had been thoroughly cleaned, the lawn cut, rolled, swept; the furniture brought out of hiding and after being rubbed as bright as hands could make it, conveyed carefully in great farm wagons to the cottage. The parlour and kitchen grates were polished, the fires laid ready for lighting, the tinder-box in its place, and little Cicely notified to meet her mistress on her arrival.

Ogg had one long street; at one end stood the house of Mr. John Griffin, a brick residence, with twenty-four rooms in it and a magnificent row of elms at the foot of the orchard, at the other end of the street, on the opposite side, Miss Kem's cottage was the last house in the village. It was also of red brick with a freshly thatched roof—and a good thatch is supposed to last twenty years—over-shadowed on one side by an enormous elm, which flourished in the street with a seat around its trunk. That part of the country was and still is, famous for elms; they are scattered about singly or in groups, here and there and everywhere; in fields far off, in pastures near.

Miss Kem's cottage had four rooms downstairs and one up, with a peaked window over the front door and in that room Cicely slept. Miss Kem's bedroom was downstairs at the back of the parlor, with a very large four post bed in it, with gay chintz curtains. There were three fireplaces in the house, two cellars, one for wine and ale, and one for coal, and a pantry, which with the dining room and kitchen completed the establishment. Cicely, whose people were the poorest of the poor, regarded this cottage as a magnificent and lordly residence, and swelled with pride at the thought of living in it. She kept the windows as bright as diamonds, she burnished the brass fender, the knocker, and the plate with the name "Kem" on it till they all shone like gold, and by her energy, immaculate neatness and good service, soon made the little home a place of beauty and very attractive to passers-by. There was not much land about it, just a small green lawn in front and a bleaching ground at the back, kept in beautiful order by Cicely's shears, sickle, broom and roller, with no flower on the place but the wall-flower.

Between Miss Kem's and Mr. Griffin's were many houses, the most notable being the village inn, opposite to a large pond, where the lads and lassies went to slide in the winter and play "thread the long needle"; and beside it a four acre field enclosed by a low brick wall, where the boys played football nearly all the year round. It was called "the Landy" and had been left one hundred years before to the village lads as a possession so long as they played a game of football on the first of March every year. I believe they hold it yet.

At the further end of the village stood the Stocks, a structure for the "punishment and reformation of scolds and quarrelsome topers", as stated in an inscription upon it. It was in the shade of a great tree, and sentimental people had been known to sit on it and read poetry.

St. George's Church was opposite to Mr. Griffin's house, surrounded by a large churchyard, where sheep and lambs grazed peacefully among the tombs the summer through. The clergyman was not resident, and a curate did duty for both parishes. Miss Masculin, an old Methodist lady, occupying the Parsonage at a rental of one hundred pounds a year. She was the good fairy of the neighborhood. She taught the children Wesley's hymns and part singing, she taught them the church catechism, and read the Scriptures in a weekly Bible class to such as were willing to hear her. It was she who taught a poor crippled lad to get his own living, by knitting mittens and stockings and making straw bee-hives. By these industries he paid his way from twelve years old to eighty, leaving a small fund for his funeral. It was she who distributed garden seeds, and monthly roses for prizes to the best readers and singers among the children, according to merit. It was she who took every boy and girl in the village on a "gipsying party"—we would call it a picnic now—to Malborough forest, defraying all charges, and giving each one a *token* to mark the event. Cicely Cockle's token was the root of the wall-flower, torn up by Miss Masculin from the ruins of Wolf Hall, and tied in a linen handerchief, which Cicely cherished all her life long. Wolf Hall, once a fine mansion where King Henry the Eighth married Jane Seymour—though that is neither here not there—was a mere ruck of stones gay with wild flowers; and there in the great grass grown court Miss Masculin had the hampers unpacked superintended the boiling of the kettles, and feasted over fifty young rustics in a never-to-be-forgotten happy day; but this is a digression.

Between Mr. Griffin's house and Miss Kem's were twenty houses of all sorts and sizes; mostly thatched, and very neat and decent in exterior, with little gardens about them. There was the village smithy with a grand garden for size, and the best currants for miles round, and bits of cots, where the sweet williams and larkspurs grew among the potatoes with not a weed to mar the effect. Ogg was a place where every one made the best and most of what they had, taking a pride in their possessions, but the greatest floral treasure in the village was Cicely's wall-flower in its sixth year. Everybody spoke of it with pride and admiration. The Kem cottage was fifteen feet high, and in its sixth year, that wall-flower was over the top of it, and high above the peaked window where Cicely slept. It had hardened from a small frail plant, into two strong tough wooden stems like little trees, and from them threw out its branches laden with sweet flowers in all directions. Cicely nailed it to the wall with leather straps, as it advanced in size. When she brought it there it had blossomed once, but on *one* side only, dark reddish purple flowers, powdered with gold,—and Miss Kem advised Cicely to break off the strong branch which bore no buds, and plant it on the opposite side of the door. When that bloomed it was a golden brown. As it progressed all the village grew proud of it and people scenting it afar off, came to see it from far and near, pausing and lingering as they passed, or sitting under the great elm for a while to enjoy its sweetness and glory, and talk it over. Sir Francis Burdette, one of the members of the County, riding by, begged a sprig of it for his button-hole, and [illegible] a shilling, and the gentleman [illegible] said "by George" he must have one, too, and gave her another; and the Rector, who came once a year to look

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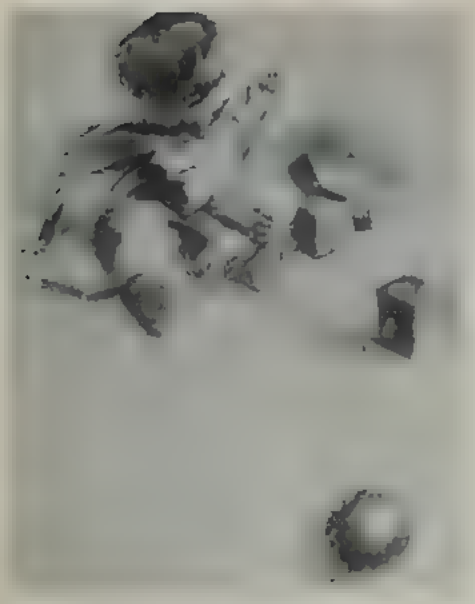


HE INSISTED ON COUNTING HIS TOES FREQUENTLY—HIS MOTHER WAS SUCH A GREEDY PERSON THAT HE NEVER FELT SURE THEY WERE ALL THERE

# Wild Wells

## BEING THE STORY OF A LITTLE TIN BANK, SEVERAL GREASY MORE-OR-LESS GOLCONDAS, AND SETH JUNIOR'S TEN PINK TOES


By Rupert Hughes

*Author of "That Awful Model," "What Will People Say," etc.*

Illustrated by Adolph Blondheim and Fletcher Ransom


THE baby's savings bank is an excellent thing. It often saves the grown-ups from serious embarrassment.

When Seth Radford, Jr., was born, Seth Radford, Sr., had opened an account for him in a small tin institution, with a paid up capital of $100 and with a guaranteed interest of 1000 per cent. per annum. In exactly three months there befell a stringency in the Radford establishment, and while the baby was not looking the father looted the bank. All he left behind was a little note—here's the very note, this is what he wrote:

"*On demand I promise to pay Seth Radford, Jr., one hundred dollars* ($100) *with interest at the rate of* 100 *per cent. a month. Value received.*

Seth Radford, Sr."

It was against the law to charge such usury, and the baby was beginning life like a high financier. He would certainly have been investigated and sent to the penitentiary if the transaction had been discovered by any of the magazine sleuths, and pointed out to any of the new school of district attorneys

Two months passed and Seth, Sr., had not yet managed to repay the infant Shylock, except by occasionally slipping through the slot in the bank a casual instalment of dimes, quarters or dollar bills

As for the baby, he was apparently indifferent to the condition of the loan market. He never balanced his books; he never counted up his petty cash. His main interest in life was a small bunch of livestock—ten pink and chubby toes. He was a miser with respect to these, and seemed always afraid that one of them would get lost. Besides, his mother was constantly looking them over, and threatening to bite them off; and she was such a greedy person that he could never be quite sure of her

The muffled rattle of the money in his bank made poor music to Seth, Jr's, flower-like little ears. He much preferred the rattle of a real rattle. To day, for the dozenth time, he pushed his bank contemptuously to the floor, and returned to the numbering of his toes. Seth, Sr., had already picked up the bank and restored it eleven times, but now the thud of it caught his attention from a mood of deep blues that even the gurgling google of the baby had not managed to dissipate

Fortune had been having fun with Mr. Radford. It had played seesaw with him for two years; one month he was soaring skywards, a rich youth; the next month he bumped *terra firma* —with the accent on the *firma*. Just now he was off the plank entirely, flat on the ground, bruised, aching; and the seesaw board was high out of reach.

Two years before, he had suddenly realized that he was alone. He had seen his mother laid in a little grave alongside the grave of his father The town of his birth and his youth suddenly ceased to mean home to him. He resolved to strike out into the unknown.

His assets were a little cash, a good deal of curiosity and a fairy-purse of self-renewing hope. He decided that Ontario was a poor place to begin small. Texas was its antipodes, young, big, not jaded. Southwest he set his course, and arrived in Galveston just as the Beaumont oil fields burst into fame with all the world amazing fury of their own gushers.

Young Radford knew less about the oil business than even the Pennsylvania experts, who came into the field with old traditions of how to handle slow streams of high-grade oil. They were like trout-fishers with tarpons on their hooks. Bankruptcies and fortunes danced before the onlooker's eyes, while whole lakes of subterrene grease exploded through long pipes, filled the air with hydro-carbonic typhoons, and settled on the ground in unctuous rivers of unholy smell. "Ontario was never like this," said Radford, "but it looks interesting, as well as instructive." He hired himself out as a helper on a drilling rig to learn the trade—if trade it was to gamble with the earth's "innards" in such uncertain, but epic fashion.

Promotions were rapid, for derricks were springing up as fast as hammers could wed nail and pine. Before he was aware of it, Radford, who but

"DO YOU RECKON I MARRIED YOU TO GET RID OF YOU?" INQUIRED ALICE DEMURELY "NO" GO TO BAGSON'S PRAIRIE

yesterday had not known a chain-tong from a fish-tail drill-bit, was invited to take charge of a brand new derrick. Then the number of earthward sticks began to gain on the upward glory. People came to offer him wonderful bargains which would make anybody rich without doubt, but which the present owners for various reasons of health, family, etc., could not stop to develop. But Radford was born in Ontario. He was not convinced.

Beaumont had begun as a giant mushroom; it threatened to end as a toadstool. Radford was glad he had invested nothing more than his time.

The oil fever began to lag in Texas. Then came a great find at Sour Lake. There was an overnight exodus. Seth arrived among the earliest, on a cow pony after plowing through swamps at night. He decided to back his judgment. He bought a little shoestring strip of ground before the prices had jumped very far. As soon as the derrick was up, and the pipe down, he brought in a gusher so big that he could not get tanks fast enough to hold the oil. He saw liquid dollars belonging to him sliding away by the hundreds. But most of them he managed to capture.

He named the well the "Alice"—after a certain person.

The price of oil was high. The Southern Pacific was using it on the engines, and the supply was short. Factories began to burn it instead of coal. Before Radford quite realized it, he was worth about $25,000, and more bubbling up as fast as it could climb out of the ground.

He called himself a genius. He was a Koal-oil King with two K's. He wondered what he should present to his native town—a library?—a manual training school? or a park? He wrote to Alice to ask her advice. She was a Galveston girl. The first one he had met after he struck Texas. One was enough. It had taken a single look from her deep, dark Texan eyes and two words in her mellow Southern speech to paralyze all his powers of resistance.

His heart looked no farther. It said: "*J'y suis; j'y reste.*"

Before he had left Galveston, he had partly persuaded Alice to forgive him for being a Canadian. At Beaumont he had dreamed of her, of her Southern graces, her Southern subtleties of tact and beauty. Her every mannerism was an angel's trait. He endured the mud, the grease, the fatigue, the fever, because he hoped it would some day bring him the wealth that she ought to have.

And at Sour Lake he had $25,000 of his own and more pouring in. He wrote her and said:

"My Darling:

I can't live without you any longer. Can you love me? Will you marry me?

Seth."

He haunted the post-office shack for her answer. But it came by wire. Just a "Yes, yes, yes."—only three words, and all the other seven left unused! But he forgave the extravagance — being rich. As he turned to go back to his tent, he walked so large that he touched only the high spots. He looked at the sky. A moment before it had been lit with stars; now they were all white magnolia blossoms filling the wind with a scented whisper of "Yes yes, yes."

A red blotch caught his eye. The moon was rising? No, an engine shack was on fire, not far from his own wells. Everybody was hurrying to quench the flames. He ran, stumbling, stumbling, trembling, fearing vague things.

HE MET HIS MEN RUNNING FRANTICALLY AWAY FROM THE WELL

A pennant of flame flaunted out and curled round a derrick. Blazes went up it like a thousand frightened orioles. There was a steeple of fire, spraying fire in all directions. There was a twin steeple of fire—a third—six—a dozen. The field was ablaze. The very earth, reeking with oil, was fuel.

Seth dashed for his own little parish. In a red snow of sparks he worked like a demon with his men. They banked slush and earth around his well. But a blast of flame came across the rising wind, wrapped itself round his derrick, slid up and down. In a few mad, roaring moments, there was nothing left but ashes, charred stumps, twisted machinery.

There was no time to sigh. Seth bent his efforts to the saving of other wells. The fire could be fought only with mud and with steam. All night he worked, and late into the next evening. The next night he slept on the ground in his grime. The morning after, he woke, looked at the black forest of ruined derricks, and said to Poverty:

"Well, here we are again."

He wrote to Alice the letter of a brokenhearted boy with a square jaw. She answered him with the pluck her mother had shown, years before, when a Yankee raid had left the cinders of bankruptcy where plenty had smiled.

The letter from Alice gave Seth new life. He had somehow feared that he had lost her as well as his fortune. She was now all the dearer an ambition. She had been his tower of strength—an ivory tower with black hair, black eyes and very red lips.

He got a job as helper on another rig. It kept him alive. By skimping and scraping he saved a little—not much, but something. Then there came a murmured rumor that oil had been found at a wild place called Batson's Prairie. Seth went to his employer and made a deal with him to rent his rig and drill on shares, his contribution being experience and enthusiasm. The employer agreed and put up the expenses. Seth brought in a gusher. He sold his share for a wad of real money, and bought a patch of ground just big enough to hold a derrick and two gauge tanks. It was some distance from the main cluster. He made a fairly lucky strike

and bought a much larger tract of ground.

He plunged, ran into debt magnificently; everybody who knew him trusted him. In a few months he had drilled three dry holes and he owed $25,000. One small well kept him in living expenses. The fifth well proved a greasy Golconda. Twenty thousand barrels a day came pouring out of that well. The cards were running his way. He bought in another well almost as rich. In a few weeks he was clear of debt and $10,000 to the good, with ready money gushing into his tanks day and night.

About this time he was writing a long letter to Alice. Pen and ink seemed a pretty poor way—like telephoning to an angel. He threw down the pen and took train to Galveston, found Alice, persuaded her not to tempt fortune by another delay. They went as two to a little church and came away one.

They took their honeymoon in New York at the Waldorf-Astoria. There was something appallingly blissful about the bills. When Alice was afraid to buy something gorgeous, Seth would say:

"Listen, honey; can you hear the gluggle-gluggle-gluggle?—t h a t's the oil coming out of the ground—every four gluggles means a dollar. Don't be afraid."

They decided to run across to Europe. Seth said that his right hand man, Tom Dominick, would take care of everything. He bought a stateroom on a steamer sailing the next day. Just as they were leaving their suite at the hotel, a page brought Seth a telegram :

"The oil has quit gushing; got to get air compressors. TOM."

"I ought to be on the spot," groaned Seth. "Would it break your heart, dearie, to give up the Europe idea for a while? Or could you take your mother and let me come over later, when I can ?"

"Do you reckon I ma'ied you to get rid of you ?" said Alice.

A week later the newspaper at Batson's Prairie announced in its society column :

> "The popular oil-producer, Mr. Seth Radford, and his charming bride, nee Miss Alice Payton, of Galveston, have returned from New York, and will make their sojourn among our elite. Welcome to Batson's Prairie, Seth !"

Now, gushers are free and vivacious. Pumping machinery costs money and brings less oil. The pumps worked harder and harder, but the flow grew slower—slower—slower; and the price of oil went down—down—down. The spirits of the Radfords followed the price.

"I don't exactly admiah the oil business," said Alice.

Gradually Batson's Prairie lost prestige. Seth bought more ground and dug more wells. Sometimes he struck a pocket of oil that only flattery could call a gusher. He was glad if it managed to pay its own cost before it petered out. Sometimes, after weary work and the encountering of good omen after good omen till hope grew frantic, there came a time when it was plainly useless to drill further—and several thousand dollars had gone, with nothing to show but an empty hole twelve hundred feet deep.

"I'm afraid I brought you bad luck, honey," said Alice.

"You are good luck enough just by yourself," Seth would answer, with all the cheer he could muster.

After a year they were nearly bankrupt and the majority of people had left Batson's Prairie, some with full purses, some with flat. In time, Seth realized that there was nothing to do but shut down the lazy wells, paint the machinery to prevent rust—and wait for a new field

Waiting is hard work, and Seth had been schooled to excitement. Then for a while there came enough of that. Two lives were in danger; one dearer than his own life, one that was to be dearer.

Fortune favored them with a smile, and, according to the newspapers, "Mother and child were doing as well as could be expected." "Child" weighed ten pounds, and yelled like a Piute; and they named him after his daddy.

The amateur father and mother used to sit talking of the prospects of their youngster. There was little else to do.

"The boy ought to have a bank," said Seth.

They felt that they could hardly begin it with less than a hundred dollars. They used to sit and figure out how much that would amount to at compound interest by the time the child was old enough to vote. Alice made it something like three million dollars but Seth said she was "careless with her noughts." Still, even as corrected, the sum was very handsome, and they thought of it whenever they dropped a dime or a nickel into the little tin bank. It was a pleasanter thing to think of than the sum in their own bank, for that dwindled daily. Often, when Seth was famished for a cigar, he pushed the money through the little tin slot, and smoked the aromatic weed of hope.

But the baby was not many months old when the oil field at Humble broke out. Seth rushed to the scene and spent almost his last cent in land. He established Mrs. and Master Radford at a hotel in Houston, and joined the group of young men who took the early morning train every day to Humble and returned at night, dirty, disheveled and tired, then washed up, dressed up and marched into the dining-room like gentlemen and gilded youth, with their handsome wives.

Five big wells came in while Seth was drilling. The sixth was his, and a gusher. He put a large bill in the baby's bank.

In three days the well flowed hot salt water. No power could save it. It was like finding a roll of thousand dollar bills and afterward discovering that they are all counterfeit. Seth's next well escaped and flowed proper oil enough to put him in funds for a while. The third began as a millionaire-maker and then dissolved into tears.

"Saline injection will save a dying man's life," said Seth, "but it's sure death to an oil man."

The year had reached its "embers." Christmas was nearing. Seth had hoped to spend it in the North, and he had told Alice a lot about sleigh riding. She had never seen even a sled.

But their plans were now mainly conversation, for it was growing hard even to borrow money. Some distant relatives of Seth's who had heard of him when he was at the Waldorf rediscovered his existence and invited him and his family to a house party. It meant three, besides railroad fare Set declined glumly.

"We shall still have each other, honey," smiled Alice.

"But we shan't have snow," groaned the Northerner. "I'm sick of roses. They don't belong on the porch at Christmas. I want a white Christmas. I'd give a million dollars to hear sleigh bells."

The next well was plainly to be his last. He gave up Humble and went to a new field, at Sloper's X-Roads, where salt water had not broken in to corrupt the few wells that had been found. He exhausted every resource for funds. The bankers, when he called, regretfully referred him to a little stack of notes unpaid. Most of his friends were as near gone as himself. He wheedled out of them small sum after small sum. He began to pawn, but soon ran out of pawnables. He owed his crew two weeks' wages, and it was increasingly embarrassing for him to go near the derrick, especially as the drill had struck a stratum of hard gypsum. Sometimes they could only make two or three inches a day. The slowness of the work got on the nerves of the men. It made them thirsty, and it made them surly to have to borrow the price of a drink from another rig, when wages were owing to them.

Continued on page 431.

# Interviewing the Military

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF A VISIT TO THE MILITIA BUILDING IN WHICH THE CORRESPONDENT GETS THE IRREDUCIBLE MINIMUM OF INFORMATION THE MAXIMUM OF HUMAN INTEREST AND SOME FUN OUT OF THE IRREPRESSIBLE TOMMY ATKINS

By Madge Macbeth

Illustrated from Photographs

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MORRISON, DIRECTOR OF ARTILLERY

THE Militia Building bristled with [illegible] who pressed the reporter like a human shuttlecock, tossed her about and set her down—outside!

"I want to see the Minister," she said.

"Is he expecting you?" this with a very searching look.

Expecting her, she was handed under bluecoated supervision to the elevator, and watched as she got out. She might be a German spy. Four armed creatures leapt at her and asked her business; her name was boomed by a half dozen mouths. She was escorted fore and aft into an anteroom. Men were hurrying and scurrying hither and thither in a dizzying procession. Telephones were ringing, papers were rustling, typewriters clicking. Her name was called and through a swinging baize door she was ushered into a large, light apartment. Even there people passed to and fro silently on the heavy carpet. The Minister himself walked restlessly about, talking.

"I was instructed to hand you this letter," she said.

Col. the Hon. Sam Hughes took it and glanced over its contents.

"Isn't for me," he said.

"Oh yes, it is."

"No! It's addressed to 'His Excellency' the Hon. Sam Hughes. That's all wrong. I am plain Sam Hughes. No more, no less. Always will be. Well what do you want?"

She mentioned a small favor which would occupy perhaps three minutes of the great man's time.

"Impossible!" His gesture seemed to waive all responsibility. "I haven't time to eat, these days. Good morning."

She went out: he followed her. The elevator with a heavy load was on its way up. The Colonel stopped it, said, "Down, gentlemen,"—and they all went down, only to start up again when the Minister was deposited on the ground floor.

"If there was many o' 'em," said a disgruntled occupant of the car, "I wouldn't get back to the office in time to punch the clock at all: I'd be riding up and down all day!"

"I came to get a little information—"

The Director of Artillery held up an interrupting hand.

"Sorry," he said. "Must answer this message."

He dictated for a few moments and turned back to the interviewer.

"—a little information regarding—"

The telephone rang, insistently.

"Excuse me a moment, please."

Two minutes passed.

"—about—"

"Yes, Smith," he turned away to speak to a young man who had just entered. "Oh, yes, the horses. Will you send these telegrams? How many? Well, there will be eighteen more tomorrow."

"—information as to the number of—" the interviewer made a record sentence and was interrupted by the

COLONEL THE HONORABLE SAM HUGHES, MINISTER [illegible]

entrance of another young man carrying a telegram.

"Perhaps I had better come back again," suggested the patient person.

"Oh, just as you like. I have as much time now as I ever have. What do you want?"

"I want information regarding the numbers of officers and—"

"Excuse me, sir," said the Thirty-Third Interruption, saluting, "but the Minister wants to speak to you at once."

Col. Morrison rose.

"Too bad," he said, "for after that I go to lunch—if I have time. Good morning!"

Secrets all about. A fine [illegible] atmosphere, a scared feeling [illegible] down the spine. In the Censor office!

Plenty of time, here, it seemed. They looked as though they were just reading.

"Will you please tell me," asked the reporter, "who will command the Canadian contingent?"

They exchanged secretive glances, and a thrill quivered [illegible].

"If we knew we would not be allowed to tell you," they said.

"Well, may I know what regiments

as units have enlisted, and how many men ?"

"Sorry, but we can't give out that information."

"Oh ! Then may I say that several regiments as units have volunteered?"

"Not unless you want to make mistakes."

"Ah, then *no* regiments as units have volunteered ?"

"On the contrary, but we can't say more than that."

"But what can I say ?"

They gave it up.

"It is to prevent information from getting abroad that we are here," they said, and snap went their jaws in a first class imitation of an oyster shell.

. . . . . .

But if you can't get guide-lines for your canvas by interviewing the men at the top, you can squirt on local color by the tubeful whenever you catch a glimpse of the rank and file.

Two of them came in to the photographer's shop together. With a bit of a swagger they went forward to the counter and asked to see the picture post cards taken at the Lansdowne Park camp.

"But this 'ere don't shaow the 'ole of us," complained the tall one. "Hi was standin' roight besoide the cannon."

"I took all who were there," laughed the photographer.

The short one broke in.

"Maybe you don't know yourself," he suggested. "Give 'us a look. Oh, s'y !" he cried, excitedly, "'ere I am—big as liafe; 'ow much is these, mister ?"

"H'all roight; H'i'll tike three. Aw, 'Enery, I got the best of you, this tiame. Haw—haw !"

The tall one drew the photographer aside and asked if he could make a picture of him, alone. The two retired to a mysterious place behind curtains. Shortly they returned.

"One dollar, please."

"Can I p'y arf now, and 'ave the rest charged ?"

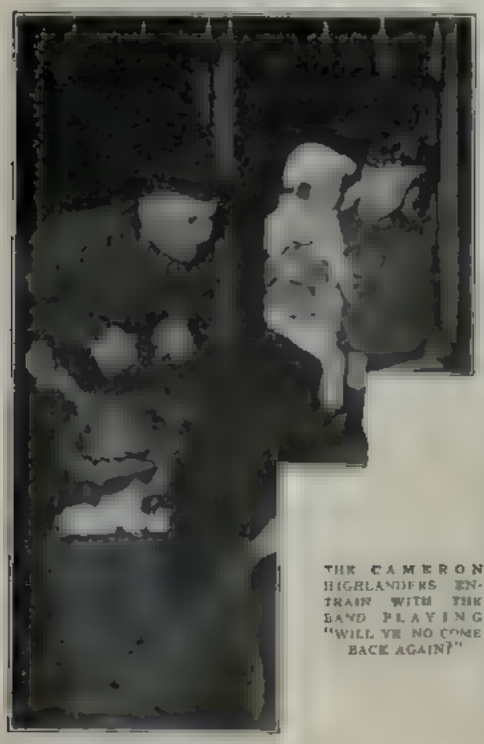
The usurious photographer insisted upon his cash.

"The Gov'nment oughter p'y you," said the shorter one

"Not a chance ! I can't charge anything to you fellows; first thing I know you'll be off to the other side and standing up in front of some cannon, and that'll be the last I'll ever see of my money."

Not a whit subdued by this cheerful thought, the two Tommy Atkinses broke into uproarious laughter as the money was paid over. Said the tall one as he went out :

"Well, sir, you'd get your money back, then, as you could sell my fice to the newspapers."



THE CAMERON HIGHLANDERS ENTRAIN WITH THE BAND PLAYING "WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN?"

*Photograph, Underwood & Underwood, N. Y*

# When They Said Good-bye

THE old station with its open-to-the-sky tracks never held so tight-jammed a crowd before. There wasn't a suit case among them, so they weren't travelling. There wasn't a laugh, nor an icecream cone, nor a lunchbox

They didn't stare out west, nor down east for a train to swing around the curve, porters and foot-stools dripping from its vestibules. Their eyes were fixed steadily on a long line of empty cars on Track Two and their ears were strained for the faraway beat of a drum.

For the Blanks were to entrain for Valcartier at eleven o'clock.

Last night the two papers carried the announcement, wired from Headquarters, and for once in their Donnybrook lives, they agreed in saying—front page, box-headed—that the whole town should turn out and cheer.

They had turned out. But not the press nor the pulpit nor the Governor-General in Council assembled could make them cheer.

The purple-and-fine-linen crowds under the silk-striped awning of the Coliseum used to cheer. But the gladiators who put on the show, and the gladiators' wives and little ones had sounded the immensities of terror and love and bravery too deep to shout about it.

Here on the station platform even the blue eyes of the pink voile girl with the Roman sash were sombre with the thought of it.

Girls, and girls, and girls!—middy-blouse girls and tailormade girls; girls who had come in Jack-draped autos, fresh from selling flags for the Hospital Ship; girls with carbon-paper marks on their fingers and ten-minutes-leave in their ears; girls who had never worked and girls who had seldom played—

Why?

The regiment is young, you see, just boys, most of them. And for every Tommy Atkins that swings Warward to "The British Grenadiers," there is like to be a Bessie Blue-eyes somewhere, reading the press beyond the Woman's Page for the first time in her pink-voile life, trying to learn where the Aisne is, and praying God, beside her little bed, that the Uhlans won't shoot straight.

. . . . . .

A long, unconscious sigh is wrung from the crowd. Far away down the street you can hear the band, faint as a dream-band, fearful as an omen, the heart-lifting, breath-taking strains of "O Canada!"

"I can't see, I can't, I can't!" moans Bessie at your elbow, five feet two inches of fluttering tip-toed anxiety, "oh, why wasn't I tall?"

First come the officers who have been rejected—the Colonel with his handsome head well back, the Major who had wires from all over Canada saying the signers would go if he did.

*Rejected ?*

Yes, owing to the last, the worst, the most solemnly impassable obstacle to enlistment—they were over age. The crowd did cheer a little just there, and God must have loved them for it.

Then came the boys, rank on rank of them. They didn't carry rifles as they do on parade. They brought just their own splendid, death-ready selves. The rifles could go in the baggage car. Besides, there was the leavetaking. You can't draw mother into your arms if you carry a gun. And, thank Heaven, no military regulations in the world wish to handicap you there.

Three to the left was Jackie—they had always called him so—just eighteen, Jackie with the steady eyes, Jackie who sang in the surpliced choir.

"'The Lord is my light and my salvation.'" said a woman in the

Continued on page 442

# The Corporal and the Girl

## By M. Eugenie Perry

Illustrated by Gertrude Spaller

OF all the towns which have sprung into being at the magic touch of a great transcontinental railway in its march across the continent, perhaps none has attained more notoriety than Frontier, Alberta, principally on account of the great real estate boom it enjoyed at its birth, and the enormous amount of advertising it received therefrom.

A typical frontier railroad town; hospitable, virile, wicked, with all the virtues and vices which youthful towns are heir to, at the time of which we write, it stood in a wild empty land where roads were few and poor, so that with the exception of the stage route trail, which stretched away into some far land of promise, egress and ingress was made almost entirely by the railroad. The Mounted Police, therefore, were often forced to charter the iron steed in their excursions hither and yon.

"Just one more deal?" asked Tommy Bliss, giving the cards a preliminary shuffle.

"And then another and another," said Corporal O'Connor, sarcastically. "Fact is, I'm not in very good form to-night, and I guess I'll quit."

"Well, me for town," said Les Graham, who shared with Tommy and another of the boys from the superintendent's office the snug box-car in which they had been having a friendly game.

The fourth member of the party followed Graham into the darkness, and the Corporal leaned back in the only easy-chair the car could boast and puffed meditatively away at a cigarette, while Tommy started his pipe going and propped himself up with pillows from the bunk, on the edge of which he had been sitting.

"Those pictures don't seem to have any meaning to me to-night," said the Corporal referring to the cards which still lay on the dry-goods box which had been doing duty as a table. "I think I'll quit poker for good."

"And settle down to respectable married life with Miss Renfrew?" Tommy was returning O'Connor's sarcasm with interest.

"Does your implied doubt of the respectability thereof refer to Miss Renfrew or to me?" calmly enquired his companion, whose mood was contemplative rather than quarrelsome.

"Oh! I guess the girl herself is respectable enough," grudgingly admitted Tommy.

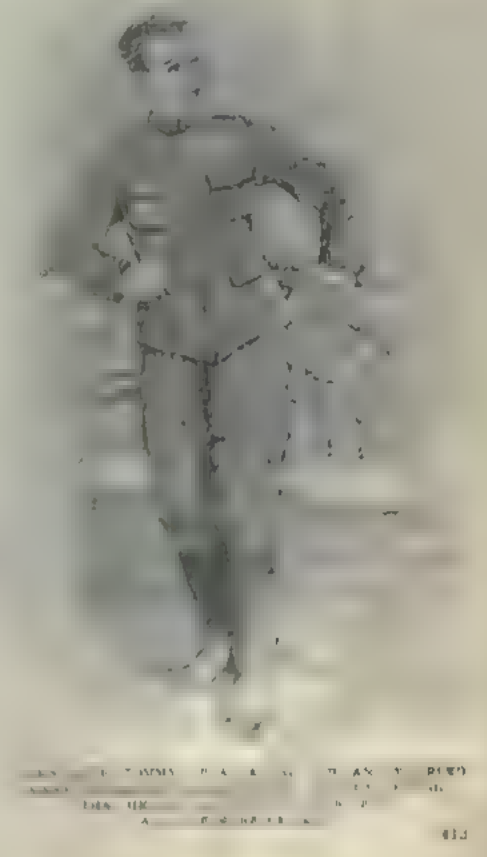
"Absolutely!" said the Corporal positively, "and I know her much better than you possibly can."

"That's easy." Tommy paused, wondering just how far he might go, without giving offence. "But, I say, old chap, her people are impossible, you know; and her English—wouldn't it jar you a little as a steady thing?"

Now Corporal O'Connor of the Royal North West Mounted Police had spent a good deal of time arguing that very matter over with himself; and in reality had been able to reach no decision, but he brought forward against Tommy's objections the same arguments he was in the habit of turning against himself.

"I'm not thinking of marrying her people," he said, "and as for good English, it doesn't seem of so much consequence out here, where it is the exception, not the rule."

"Out here," repeated Tommy. "Then you don't expect to present her



to your people back in Ireland, to your uncle the Earl, for instance?"

"My uncle the Earl be hanged," said the Corporal testily, for indeed he had his share of family pride; and the family bugbear, in the shape of this august relative, had been haunting him considerably of late.

"Besides," he added with a grin, "their ignorance concerning Canadians is so great over there, that they would perhaps be much more surprised if she spoke correctly. They think of all Canadians as about half-civilized Indians. However, I'm not just sure I care what they think."

He might truthfully have added that he wasn't sure of anything connected with the matter; but he merely puffed away at his cigarette in silence, watching the smoke drift slowly towards the roof of Tommy's snug railroad quarters. Then the divisional surgeon looked in on his way past from the hospital car.

"Hello, Doc!" called Tommy hospitably. "Come on in."

"Well just a minute," said the doctor depositing himself on a box near the stove.

"Town's rather quiet this week," remarked Tommy conversationally, as the doctor drew out his pipe.

"Quiet? Yes!" said the doctor shortly, "but with a quiet that is worse than noise."

The Corporal nodded acquiescence.

"Why, how's that?" from Tommy, "haven't seen so few drunks on the streets in months."

"Less whiskey, more dope," answered the doctor laconically. "Less unpleasant for the passers-by, more dangerous for the victims. There have been nearly a dozen cases of doping and robbery in the last two weeks. A man coming in here now to spend his stake is taking his life in his hands. I was speaking to Long Gus from the mines just yesterday, and he says he's going to pass the word to all his men to give the divisional the go-by for awhile. He says they don't get anything like a run for their money here at present.

"I have a case on my hands now that may or may not prove fatal; and if the man winks out, why it's a case for the police and there will probably be a big investigation."

"That's right," spoke up Corporal O'Connor, "the old man is just waiting for a chance to take hold. He has no jurisdiction in town, unless he bears absolute proof of crooked dealing; and that's deuced hard to get, with every second person you meet in league with the crooks."

"Well," said the doctor rising, "there's one thing sure, if this Swede goes under, Slim Renfrew and his gang had better not waste any time hitting for the tall timbers."

"What's your hurry, Doc?" asked Tommy, "We might have a few rounds of poker, though O'Connor's not in very good form to-night."

"Sorry," the doctor smiled, "but you must remember I'm a very much married man and I'd better be getting along home to the wife and kid."

The following evening being the occasion of the weekly dance, Tommy accompanied the Corporal over to the moving picture theatre, where the dances were held It was after half-past ten when they arrived, and the performance was over, the general crowd gone. The chairs had been pushed back, the floor swept and the dance was in full swing

As Tommy didn't dance and Miss Renfrew was already on the floor the two young men lighted their pipes and lounged in the doorway, watching the swaying crowd before them. With a few exceptions, the weekly dances were attended only by the better element of the town; and as is sure to be the case in a frontier town the men were distinctly in the majority; and most of the women there were married. But there were some girls—the pretty girl who adorned the glass ticket office outside the theatre door, a couple of school teachers, a couple of stenographers, the girl from the post-office, a visitor or two, and Melissa Renfrew.

TEARS WELLED INTO MELISSA'S GRAY EYES, BUT SHE TWISTED HALF AWAY FROM THE CORPORAL AND WINKED THEM BACK "[illegible] AGAIN, I SUPPOSE," SHE TOLD HIM

Melissa was no dime novel heroine. Out at the front a girl does not need to possess a sylph-like form, a peaches-and-cream complexion and curling golden hair to make a hit with a man, or many men if she so wishes. Melissa was not even pretty except with the beauty which the freshness of youth imparts, yet in the eyes of Corporal O'Connor she was more charming than the earliest flower which pushes its dainty head through the prairie in the fragrant spring.

Her parents were no-account Ontario farmers who had gravitated to the front with the rest of the country's flotsam and jetsam; and for a number of years had been occupied with keeping a rough but comparatively respectable boarding house in one or other of the new towns as they were opened up. The eldest daughter had succumbed to the looseness of her environment and had followed the road of apparently easy money, which is yet the hardest earned of any in all the wicked world.

The son had developed into a typical tin-horn, making a fat living by plucking the numerous pigeons who flocked into the divisional town to spend their monthly stake.

But the younger daughter, though brought up in the same atmosphere, was of a different calibre. The eternal value of things was clearer to her than to the rest of the family; and with young-old wisdom she balanced the rewards of virtue against the wages of sin; and to her vision the broad and crooked path appeared not fair. Caution, not virtue you say? Wisdom not innocence? A most unheroine-like attitude? I told you she was not

a novel's heroine, but a matter-of-fact, clear-sighted, twentieth century western girl. At the present moment she was gyrating round the room to the gay strains of "Alexander's Rag-time Band," with one of the toughest characters in this none too moral town, her brother, Slim Renfrew.

Even at that, O'Connor's face took on an unpleasant expression as he watched them, for he was never glad to be reminded of the disreputable connections of the girl he was considering as a matrimonial proposition.

"There's one thing sure," thought he, "if I marry her, if she'll have me, we don't stay near her people. When that money comes to me next year I can buy myself out of the force—and then—for pastures new."

Then the dance was over and he left Tommy and went over to where she sat. As he approached he heard her say:

"You shouldn't 'a come; you know this town is getting to be a hot place for you. You'd better get out while the getting's good."

"Oh! I ain't running no risks round here," Slim answered. "The town police only helps us out an' the Mounties ain't got no call to butt in." Seeing the Corporal approaching he continued insolently, not caring whether he was overheard or not. "Anyhow, your stand-in with that bunch ought to help some to keep yer family out of the coop."

He went off with a careless nod of his handsome dare-devil head and Melissa's face turned scarlet. O'Connor pretended not to notice her confusion and talked quietly of indifferent matters while her eyes followed Slim in his progress towards the door. There he was stopped by the manager of the dance, who said something that evidently annoyed him. She saw his hand slide towards his hip-pocket, but prudence evidently conquered his anger for he set his hat defiantly on his head and swaggered out.

"Ordered out," thought the Corporal, though he had given no evidence of having watched this by-play, and his guess was confirmed by Slim's failure to return to the hall.

Melissa's big grey eyes were cast down and her face was burning O'Connor was afraid she was going to cry, but he needn't have feared,—Melissa was made of sterner stuff—she was used to meeting all kinds of emergencies. She bit her lip hard and winked back the tears that had actually welled into her eyes, until in a minute or so she had quite regained her composure but the red remained in her cheeks and made her look for the time quite pretty.

"Are you engaged for the next dance?" he asked her.

"Yes, I am," she said rather crossly, "I thought you wasn't coming." She was angry at her brother for placing her in a humiliating position and, womanlike, had to revenge herself on someone. The real culprit not being available, she chose the person who, being fondest of her, would stand the most ill treatment at her hands

"I was down at the car with Bliss and we got into a game and I couldn't get away just then."

Tears welled into her eyes, but she twisted away and winked them back.

"Poker again, I suppose," she said fiercely. "I don't think much of that young fella anyhow. He'd ought to have something better to do than playing poker every night in the week and dragging other fellas into it too. Why don't he get a girl that'll take some interest in him, and keep him going straight? That stuck up Miss Vane looks like she'd be glad enough to have him fooling around with her."

When the Corporal had left him, Tommy moved into the hall and stood leaning against the back row of chairs calmly surveying the scene before him.

When the music stopped Vivien Vane happened to stop quite close by.

"Oh, hello!" she said, as if she had but just noticed him.

"Hello!" smiled Tommy and as her partner excused himself he moved farther in and took the seat beside her.

Vivien had lately taken the position of stenographer in the superintendent's office, where Tommy also was a member of the staff. She was an arrant little flirt, and had conquered the hearts of the rest of the office men during her first week. Only Tommy remained aloof. He didn't care to run in a crowd, so he was an object of some interest.

"Oh! why don't you learn to dance?" she asked presently.

"Can't see anything to it," he answered boyishly, "or I would. I'd much rather play a game of foot-ball or go shooting."

Vivien sniffed.

"That's a boy for you," she said scornfully. "Wait a few years and you'll be sorry, and then your feet will be too stiff to learn." She seemed to think this a sufficiently dreadful outlook to frighten anyone

"Not this dance," she told a would-be partner who appeared at that moment, "I'm going to sit this out with Mr. Bliss—though you didn't ask me to," she added reproachfully to Tommy as the other disappeared.

"What am I supposed to say now?" asked Tommy serenely. "I'm not very much used to girls you know, so I'd like a few suggestions on the proper mode of procedure."

"I suppose," said his companion sarcastically, "you'd like lessons on the gentle art of flirtation."

"Oh! are we flirting?" enquired Tommy in surprise.

In sheer exasperation Vivien changed the subject and actually talked on impersonal matters for a time, then—

"Did you and your friend the Corporal have an interesting session last night?" she enquired, with a glint of mischief in her brown eyes.

"How did you know the Corporal was over?"

"Oh a little bird told me."

"In other words, Graham was over to call last night. Guess I'm getting some information too," said Tommy with a grin. "What's the matter with the Corporal? You don't like him?"

"I don't know him, but I don't like the company he keeps." She glanced meaningly towards Melissa Renfrew.

"Why, what's the matter with her?" asked Tommy as if he himself had not been but lately remonstrating with O'Connor on this subject.

"Well, they're rather awful people, aren't they? The sister and the brother,—and all?"

"I think the girl herself is all right," said Tommy half grudgingly, "but I must say I can't see what he sees in her."

"Lack of competition," said Vivien wisely. "It's always the same when girls are scarce and men plentiful, then they marry girls they simply wouldn't look at under other circumstances. But it isn't only commonness in her case. I'd think a man would hate to get mixed up in that bunch. I don't know the Corporal, nor care about him one way or the other—only if I were a man I don't think I'd choose him as steady company. I was considering you, not him," and Vivien gave a ravishing glance at her companion which was entirely wasted.

So Vivien gave him up as a bad job and whirled away to easier conquests, leaving Tommy wishing he had played up to her lead a little more briskly, but had she come back just then he'd probably have acted in the same way again. Tommy was very much boy.

The dance was drawing to a close when a man came unobtrusively in at the hall door and stood just inside watching the dancing. Presently he caught Melissa Renfrew's eye and winked vigorously.

When the dance ended Melissa sat down as near the back as possible and asked the Corporal to get her a drink of water. Then she looked around for the man in the background who immediately came up and spoke a few quick words to her.

The man was a notorious gambler, a friend of Slim's, and an admirer (unencouraged, the Corporal had always thought) of Melissa's. Therefore when, during the next dance which

he had with another girl, he saw Melissa rescue her wraps from the jumble of unused chairs at the back, and slip quietly out of the hall, he was furiously, jealously angry.

"Tommy was right," he thought bitterly. "Everybody's right, and I'm a damn fool. I might know nothing good could come from that bunch, but I did think she was different. Now she's gone off with that limb of Satan as unconcernedly as if I weren't in the universe. Well, let her go; no doubt in a month's time, I'll be thanking my stars for the escape I've had."

Just then the Inspector appeared at the door and beckoned the Corporal. "The doctor was just around," he said, "and it seems that doped Swede he has been treating is dead; so this is where we come in. I have warrantsout for the arrest of several men believed to be implicated, but I'm afraid the word to move on is already abroad, and we'll likely have some difficulty locating them. Renfrew, however, has been around town all evening, so you should have no difficulty in nabbing him."

"All right, sir. I'll go right after him," and the Corporal suited the action to the word. Nor had he any compunction in starting off on a hunt for Melissa's brother, for a crook was a crook; and to-night he felt fierce enough to clean up the whole crowd.

But Slim was not in any of his usual haunts; and someone suggested that he'd probably strike up the line for Mile 39, if he could bribe any of the railway men to take him; for at 39 were many of his own kind who would make an effort to hide him, or speed him on his way over the mountains to British Columbia. On the street O'Connor ran into Tommy Bliss wandering towards home and accosted him at once.

It was nearly twelve o'clock and that would mean perhaps an all night trip, but when he suggested Tommy's running him up the line on one of the gasoline speeders which were at the disposal of the superintendent's staff, the excitement of a trip which might end in a scrap appealed to Tommy's adventurous boy's heart, and he consented immediately.

Les Graham was just getting ready for bed when Tommy arrived to get a heavy overcoat from the car, and informed him that he was off with the Corporal on a man hunt.

"Say, I wonder!" said Les. "As I came across the track a man was just starting off on that hand speeder that is usually standing beside the station. I rather wondered who would be hitting out at that hour. There was someone with him—looked like a woman, but I didn't notice particularly."

Tommy imparted this piece of information to O'Connor.

"Perhaps Slim is trying to make his get-away dressed as a woman," said the Corporal facetiously, "and is taking someone along to help pump the speeder—evidently he followed his usual method of helping himself to anything in sight."

It was an exceedingly dark night with an occasional flurry of rain and a heavy wind was blowing—certainly not a night one would choose for a pleasure jaunt, but the two young men were used to weather. The Corporal climbed on the back seat of the speeder. Tommy gave a run, a push, jumped on, and they were off up the grade at a tearing pace.

They reached the first station without having seen anything of the fugitives, and having lifted the car off the track to let the regular rom the west go past, they roused the section man and enquired if he had heard a hand speeder go by; for the gasoline car made so much more noise than the hand-pumped variety, that the runaways might easily have heard its approach, lifted their car into the brush and remained securely hidden while their pursuers whirled past.

But the section man grouchily admitted that he had heard a car go past but a short time before and the boys put their speeder back on the track and continued the pursuit.

"Ought to soon overtake a hand-car at this rate of going," the Corporal roared into Tommy's ear.

"Sure," cried that young man. "We've got 'em beat to a frazzle." But he reckoned without the speeder, than which there is nothing more capricious on the face of the earth, not even a woman or an automobile. Without a by-your-leave the engine stopped, and Tommy, who had but lately learned to run a gasoline speeder, and was not as well acquainted as might be with its internal arrangements, was put to it to find the reason for its eccentric lack of action.

The Corporal held the lantern and Tommy opened the tool box which when closed, constituted the back seat, and while ostentatiously tossing over its contents he took a few surreptitious glances at the instructions printed on the inside of the lid, but failed to find an inspiration therein.

Now a speeder is caprice personified. The tiniest thing will throw it out of gear, and by the same token the most insignificant twist or turn may start it running again in the way it should go. And so it happened that as Tommy groped in the darkness (mental as well as elemental) for some clue to its disability, by accident he gave the proper twist to a screw or valve or something and the engine began to purr and spark like a giant cat, and the car sprang forward into the night. As the Corporal jumped to his place at the back, the lantern lurched against a corner of the seat, shivering the glass into a thousand fragments and the light went out. His language was almost lurid enough to replace the vanished flame, but his words fled like shrieking mischievous devils into the darkness, destined to do scant harm in that stretch of uninhabited muskeg.

"Pretty frisky business going at this pace without a light," shouted Tommy, to whose adventurous soul this was rare sport, "but I'm game if you are."

"Hit her up," roared the Corporal. "I'll catch those crooks to-night, or my name's not Terry O'Connor—let 'er out."

So with the senseless foolhardiness of youth they raced madly forward over bridges and switches as carelessly as if they were running over a clear track in broad daylight.

The night seemed to have grown darker and the wind was howling like hell let loose; which, combined with the speed at which they were going, caused the cold, intermittent splashes of rain, to cut against their faces like hail. It was a night to strike to the stoutest heart, and even dare-devil Tommy and the dauntless Corporal who had faced many a dangerous situation unafraid began to feel the weirdness of that mad race.

Darkness above, below, on either hand, they seemed to be soaring through space—space inhabited only by that piercing fearsome wind, that awesome screaming wind, that now seemed to have taken a new note—a wailing eerie, long-drawn-out note that might be the howl of a prairie wolf. Or could it be the passing of a soul—a soul liberated from its earthly bondage, faring whither?

A soul who passed, perhaps, a warning—a warning of an obstructed track, of a long unrailed trestle, towering far above the earth, towering far above the shapeless mangled body that had been this drifting spirit's erstwhile tenement.

And, in unconscious obedience to this spirit voice as they ran on the Big Eddy bridge (so called from a great whirl which the McLeod River takes at this particular spot) Tommy slowed up a little. To this fact they probably owed their lives. In another minute the speeder reared up like a bucking bronco, and bounded clear of the track.

Tommy found himself sitting on the edge of the trestle with his feet hanging over the edge; and one hundred and fifty-five feet of very empty air between himself and the harmless little Sundance Creek (which at this place

Continued on page 428

# How Valcartier Looks From the Inside

*Now all you recruities what's drafted to-day,*
*You shut up your rag-box an' 'ark to my lay,*
*An' I'll sing you a soldier as far as I may:*
*A soldier what's fit for a soldier.*
—SERGEANT'S SONG

## By H. R. Gordon, Q. O. R.

Illustrated from Photographs

JEAN Baptiste Gauvreau came home to his little shack on the bank of the Jacques Cartier River twenty miles above Quebec, a few days ago, after a six weeks' trip in the bush. He had been guide to a party of three, a Toronto doctor, a real estate man from Winnipeg, and a Montreal commission man. They had been out in the bush for six weeks, and had got no news of the outside world since the end of July. As the canoes of the party swung around a bend of the river near the Gauvreau homestead, the guide dropped his paddle and stared. The wood lot of the farm had disappeared, and rows of white tents stood in its place. Along the river bank paced men in khaki with rifles on their shoulders. The Winnipeg man spotted another column of khaki clad figures in kilts, peered at the leading one, and swore softly in surprise. "That's Bill X." he explained to his friend from Montreal. "A big grain dealer out my way." The Montreal man did not hear. He was staring at another man in a wide brimmed helmet, holding a rifle for the inspection of a group of still more men in khaki. "And that's my old friend John Z." said the Montrealer. The Toronto man called to a bespectacled man, also in khaki. "Hey doc, what in blazes does this mean?" The answer came back in a sharp monosyllable, "War."

The military camp at Valcartier where the men who are being sent by Canada to fight the battles of the Empire abroad have been getting their training, is an epitome of the experience that Canada has passed through since the first week in August. After a century of peace, of an uninterrupted security which led most Canadians to believe that war was a dying piece of barbarism unworthy the attention of a fast growing nation of farmers and business men, the war cloud whose very existence had been scoffed at for years, burst, and Canada was faced with the task of giving effective aid in a struggle for the preservation of the Empire.

To assemble, train, and equip an army for the hardest possible kind of service was no easy task. The lack of that constant expectation of war which makes warlike preparation one of the most important functions of a European government, was against the securing of a war force in the requisite time. The Canadian militia was organized with the idea of training as large a number of men as possible for home defence service, not for offensive operations against an enemy overseas. In many respects, the militia department had to start at the beginning. It was necessary, in large measure, to improvise an organization to get the overseas contingent ready.

The first step was to establish a camp ground, handy to a sea-port, where the entire contingent could get the training necessary to make a crowd of farmers, factory hands, office workers, ordinary Canadian citizens, into a disciplined army in as short a time as possible. This army had to be equipped with a very large number of different articles. Each man for example had to have a uniform, boots, shirts, socks, greatcoat, mess tin, sewing kit, razor, towel, cap, rifle, bayonet, entrenching tools, water bottle, kit bag, haversack, bandolier, knife, fork and spoon. Tents, rubber sheets, blankets, cook wagons, cook pots, water wagons, ammunition carts, and transport wagons had to be made ready for each unit, horses had to be bought for cavalry and artillery. Supplies of food and fodder had to be arranged for. An endless mass of detail had to be attended to before the first contingent was ready to sail.

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INOCULATING RECRUITS FOR TYPHOID FEVER AT VALCARTIER

What the militia department lacked in equipment and detailed mobilization plans was more than made up in practical energy and enthusiasm. The day war was declared, the mobilization ground was decided on. Colonel the Hon. Sam Hughes noticed some years ago that land on the Jacques Cartier River twenty miles north of Quebec was well adapted for camp purposes. The ground was level and sandy, the water supply from the river was excellent, the site was far enough away from towns and cities to ensure a well conducted camp that would pay strict attention to business. Two days after the declaration of war, trenching machines were busy digging out markers' shelters for rifle [illegible]. Gangs of habitants, evicted [illegible] substantial consideration from [illegible] farmhouses, were clearing [illegible]. Construction gangs were laying [illegible] open tracks. Motor trucks [illegible] replanted calèches on the roads of the neighborhood. The century-old drowsiness of the countryside gave place to [illegible] but orderly, activity.

Ten days after Canada's offer of a contingent had been accepted by the British War Office, troops began to

THE FORTY-EIGHTH HIGHLANDERS LEAVING THE CANADIAN NORTHERN'S CHERRY STREET [illegible] ROUTE FROM TORONTO TO VALCARTIER

arrive at the newly created camp of Valcartier. Men of all types came from all parts of the country. Blue-nosed apple growers from the Maritime Provinces looked for extra tent pegs in the lines of farmers from Saskatchewan. Orangemen from Toronto exchanged pleasantries with French Canadians from Montreal and Quebec. Kilties from British Columbia swapped stories with artillerymen from Ottawa. Every walk of life had its representatives. More than one bank manager or prosperous contractor served in the ranks. More than one subordinate clerk was in command of units. The contingent included men of all kinds from every part of the country

When the troops first arrived they were more or less, in the words of an energetic young officer, "a rabble." Some had uniforms and sound boots Some came in plain clothes. Some were well provided for. Many lacked necessary equipment. Some showed the effects of conscientious drill, others were raw recruits. It was necessary to turn this heterogeneous mass into a disciplined, trained, thoroughly equipped army.

Discipline was the most important point of soldierly duty to be learned, and in many respects the hardest lesson of all. Life under conditions where every man is regarded as the equal of every other man, and where a peremptory command from a boss often ends in a "Go to h—" and a search for a new job, is not conducive to that instant and unquestioning obedience which is exacted in army life. In a good many cases men in the ranks were superior, mentally and physically, to the corporals and sergeants and commissioned officers whom they were expected to obey. For the first two or three days, "talking back" to officers was not uncommon

Then a change came. An order was issued to the effect that any man guilty of breaking camp regulations, such as those against bathing in the river and straying out of bounds, or of disobedience and insolence to superiors, would be sent home, and not allowed to go in the first contingent The day after this order came out a man was found dipping up a pail of water from the river. "Empty that out," ordered an officer. The man threw it down with an angry gesture "Arrest him," ordered the captain. The man was led off to the guard tent

All who witnessed the incident were subdued and respectful from that time on. It was somewhat difficult for close friends, different in rank, to remember the respect due to one's superior. An elder brother had to address his younger brother as "Sergeant." A senior man from Toronto University had to address a friend whom he had hitherto patronized as a freshman, as "Sir," and salute whenever he spoke to him. The officers, for the most part, realized that the men under them were their equal in all but rank, and did not attempt to domineer. They pointed out the reasons for the commands they gave. One Q. O. R. officer, explaining what sort of cover men should take in action, said: "You can see for yourselves that a bush or a stone is a convenient object to aim at and would draw fire. The natural rolls of ground, six or seven inches deep, will hide men who lie flat In any other army the officer would have said "Don't take cover behind bushes. If you do you'll get two hours' pack drill."

During the first week of the camp none of the men were worked very hard. They were given time to accustom themselves to an entirely new method of existence. City men used to rising at eight in the morning from a comfortable mattress and clean sheets,

BREAKING IN ARTILLERY RECRUITS

breakfasting at home, lunching in a downtown restaurant, dining on well cooked meat and daintily served desserts, and bathing in a porcelain tub, were plunged suddenly into a life where they slept in rough blankets on the ground, washed and bathed under taps in the open, and ate from mess tins, sitting on the ground. It was not easy at first, but before the week was out, the adaptability characteristic of citizens of a new country had made them all settle down. Their hands grew hard, their jaws grew strong on bully beef, and their bodies learned to find the soft spots in bumpy ground.

With discipline established, and the fundamentals of drill mastered, came training in the other two essentials of a good soldier, shooting and marching ability. More than 3,000 targets were set up at the hastily constructed ranges three miles from the camp and every day regiments marched over, fired the regulation number of rounds and marched back. The intricacies of the magazine and sights of the new Ross Rifle were explained by instructors from the Permanent Militia. At first the men were given a different rifle every time they fired. They had to move the sights up or down, to the left or right, and get their shots closer into the bullseye as they found the range. As each man gained control of his rifle, the range was lengthened.

The last stage was shooting under war conditions. Regiments had to advance [illegible] in skirmishing order,

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THE CRACK CAVALRY OF INDIA WHO WILL FIGHT SIDE BY SIDE WITH THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT IN THE BATTLE LINES OF EUROPE

[illegible]

as they would on the battle field, and fire as soon as each rush ended. The range had to be estimated. One private described it thus: "You hear a whistle, you jump up and run like the devil till you hear another whistle. Then you flop down before you stop, and while you're skidding along on your stomach you fix your sights. Then you blaze away till you're told to stop."

As boots were issued and feet grew hard, the daily march was lengthened.

And by degrees a brigade grew able to start out in the morning with belts and rifles, a load of forty pounds, on their backs, march till the middle of the afternoon, take a swig of water and a bite to eat, skirmish, and wash under the tap tired, but by no means exhausted.

The modern soldier has to know many things, and be able to stand severe physical exertion, but the men of Canada's first contingent were picked for efficiency, both of mind and body. The camp at [illegible] was run on practical lines by business men, experts in the art of preparing human material for the stern test of modern warfare, and the finished product [illegible] Canada's honor [illegible]

# Kitchener of Khartoum

## WITHOUT NERVES AND WITHOUT SYMPATHIES, EXACTING ONLY ONE THING, OBEDIENCE, TAKING NO EXCUSES AND SHOWING NO MERCY, HE IS STILL THE IDOL OF THE BRITISH ARMY AND THE EMPIRE

By J. H. M. Abbott

Illustrated from Photograph

COINCIDENT with the declaration of war with Germany, Prime Minister Asquith made a momentous decision for the British Empire—one which will meet with the whole-hearted approval of all British subjects. It was indeed a master stroke of statesmanship to appoint Field Marshal Earl Kitchener of Khartoum as Secretary of State for War. There could not have been a happier choice, and in the opinion of most military men there is no man in the British Empire to-day who is more fully qualified to act in this onerous and important capacity than the famous "K of K". He has justly earned by sheer merit and proved service the entire confidence of both military and civilian sections of the community.

It seems only fit that a soldier should be a War Minister in any Cabinet, for who else should know all the intricate details of organization and preparedness for war if not one whose profession is that of Arms? There is a large school of thinkers who have never agreed with the policy of appointing a lawyer or other professional man as the nominal ruler of the army. A soldier would probably make a poor substitute for Lord Chancellor—a position undeniably for a lawyer to fill—and so it is only natural that a soldier should head the War Office. How justified is Premier Asquith's selection of Earl Kitchener as War Minister, only time can prove. But judging by the results shown in the first few months of his tenure of office, his selection could not have been bettered.

Kitchener has swiftly proved that his old-time masterful spirit and dominant levelheadedness is not dormant. He has grasped the situation with a hand of steel, and with remarkable celerity has thrown a powerful expeditionary force into Belgium to the aid of Great Britain's Allies. He has for the first time in the history of British journalism so censored the war news that it is next to impossible to obtain even an inkling of what is going forward. The numerical strength and the composition of the Expeditionary Force is shrouded in mystery, and their movements are hidden from the public. Kitchener is determined there shall be no possible chance of leakages through Press channels of the plans for operations. He has always been opposed to the War Correspondent—an opposition that the years have fostered in every European army—and now is his chance to see that his policy is strictly enforced. The mere fact that he has assured all the British papers they will court instant suspension if they divulge war movements not given out by the Official Press Bureau, augurs well for a secrecy which has hitherto been lamentably unobtainable in war-time. The papers will obey, for they know Kitchener is no man to be trifled with. What he commands has to be done. There is no room for argument or subterfuge.

### *How "K. of K." Brought 97 000 Men to Colors in Twenty-four Hours.*

Perhaps, there is no general in the world to-day who has such a first-class reputation as Kitchener, unless it be in Japan. Although Europe has been an armed camp for generations, no European general has had much opportunity to prove his worth. Kitchener's experience has been varied and instructive. Scoffers there are who may claim that his operations against the Mahdi, the Khalifa, and the Boers do not hold good in modern warfare, but let it be remembered his reputation is won on powers of organization, administration, and military genius rather than upon actual fighting. But even in the matter of fighting he has so more than made good, that there are many who wonder whether he will not emerge from this crisis with the halo of a second Napoleon; somehow one cannot help thinking it is more than possible. In any event the universal confidence he inspires is mainly responsible for the world-record-breaking recruiting of some 97,000 men inside twenty-four hours.

The new British War Minister is sixty-four years old by the book; but his age is almost irrelevant. One still thinks of him as a young man, for he is young in mind, body and appearance. He stands several good inches over six feet; he is straight as a lance and looks out imperiously above most men's heads; his motions are deliberate, sure and strong; he is slender but very firmly knit and his tall body gives you the impression that he is built primarily for tireless, steel-wire endurance.

In my first meeting with him, it was his steady, passionless steel-grey eyes which made the greatest impression. They are shaded by thick decisive beetle-brows, and are curiously piercing—thoroughly characteristic of the man. His face is brick-red from the scorching Sudan sun, and his cheeks are rather full. A thick moustache, rapidly turning grey, scarcely hides his strong, immovable mouth. You would call his face harsh. It neither appeals for affection nor stirs dislike.

Kitchener's cold, hard, calculating character has left him curiously friendless while he has carved his way to the head of the British army, yet even without really intimate friends, there is not a single man in the whole British Empire who will not respect and admire him. His character may be repellant of advances, almost inhuman in fact, but he is essentially a *man*—and therefore admiration and respect are his by right. To him soldiers are mere pawns and so slaughter does not shock him, for after all it is only a means to the ultimate goal. Yet, he is by no means a hard man, even if he never wastes any kindly glances. He has no nerves and no sympathies, and the only thing he exacts is obedience. No officer would ever dream of arguing with him or questioning his orders. If one of his subordinates fails, Kitchener listens to no excuses and shows no mercy. He is himself the living exponent of hard work, and he brooks no half measures in others. His staff and the

officers of his army must do exactly what he orders and at the time he orders. And it is largely due to his faculty of being able to select such officers for service under him, that his own success has been unequalled.

Those who have worked side by side with him, or have had the privilege of serving under him, cannot imagine Kitchener otherwise than as seeing immediately the right thing to do, and then doing it thoroughly and at once. His precision has always been so inhumanly unerring in all he has undertaken, that he is more like a perfectly tuned machine than a human being. No matter in what walk of life his career had taken its fling, you feel abundantly sure that he would have been something more than a brilliant success. It is his characteristic, the very nature of the man

### *Why the Army Has Prayed for Kitchener to Sweep Out the War Office.*

Some few years ago I was talking in my London Club to one of his able generals of the Sudan, and the course of conversation naturally led to a discussion of Kitchener. Somehow those fortunates who have served with him like to talk about him. They may not love him, as loving goes, but they give him a whole-hearted admiration and loyalty that is almost sublime. In their eyes there is no man like him and who can blame them? I happened to remark to the general that it was fortunate for England that Kitchener had chosen a military career. My friend studied me critically for a few minutes without speaking, and then delivered himself of a brief eulogy that will long remain with me—it was so essentially true. Furthermore, he was a prophet as it has now turned out, although neither of us suspected the wish would become fact.

"I've watched Kitchener in his office, in the field and in me[illegible]," observed the general slowly, "and he is the [illegible] of fellow that ought to be made manager of a big business enterprise. He would be a splendid manager. Yet, I nurse a hope—desperate, it is true,—that he may some day be appointed to sweep out the War Office. He would be an even better manager of the War Office than of a busine[illegible]. In fact he would be a magnificent manager of anything under the sun.

### *The Son of a Fighting Irishman, Soldiering Is Bred in His Blood.*

And now he is the manager of the War Office. Curiously enough, I do not suppose there is one single man, woman or child in the British Empire who is anything but glad he is pulling the strings from Whitehall. Everyone

*Photograph by Underwood & Underwood*

EARL KITCHENER ARRIVING AT THE WAR OFFICE—NOTICE THE TENSE INTERES[illegible]

has faith in him and in his superb ability, and he has faith in himself, that is why he is what he is to-day—the idol, with justifiable cause, of the British Army and Empire.

It has been argued, as already pointed out, that he has had nothing but fighting against black troops and the Boers to justify the assertion that he is the ablest general of modern times. This is scarcely fair nor is it wholly logical. If you closely examine his career, you will see how eminently fitted he is for the post to which he has just been appointed. He has had forty-four years of [illegible] service—active in the correct sense of the word, for Kitchener was never a carpet-soldier nor a d[illegible] room soldier." His carpets have been the sands of the [illegible], the veldt of South Africa, and the plains and hills of India; his drawing [illegible] have been the [illegible] of military camps or [illegible] of a tropical sky. One can crowd a wealth of experience into forty

four years of constant soldiering and fighting.

Being an Irishman—for he was born in Ireland and is the son of an Irish Colonel—it is not at all surprising that he should have chosen a military career. But he is something more than a mere soldier, for he is also a great engineer and an even greater administrator. He began his active life at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich—affectionately known as "The Shop"—and while there saw service as a volunteer in the French army at the time of the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71, taking part in a considerable amount of fighting under General Chanzy and in the famous Franc-Tireurs. Already a veteran of war, he received his commission in the Royal Engineers—a soil reported generally to be more favorable to machinery than to human nature—and early turned his attentions to the study of and service in the Levant. He was one of the late Lord Beaconsfield's military vice-consuls in Asia Minor.

It was as Captain of Engineers in 1883 that he appeared at the beginning of the Sudan troubles and made one of the band of twenty-five British officers who first undertook the unenviable task of making the new Egyptian army. It was from this moment that he turned his attention strictly to the management of war in the Sudan, and to this day he is the complete and only master of that most difficult art. He has been in Egypt ever since, with the brief exceptions of the service against the Boers and seven years as Commander-in-Chief of India. Until appointed War Minister, he was Consul-General and virtual ruler of Egypt.

These years found him on the staff generally, in the field constantly, alone with natives often, and always mastering the intricate problems of the Sudan. He was in the habit of disguising himself as a Dervish and journeying across the Sudan desert in the direction of Khartoum, hoping to gain valuable information. There was no task too severe, and his holidays were spent in work of a more difficult and dangerous character than when on duty. He has been able to see and profit by the errors of others, even as he has been able to profit by their successes. He inherited the wisdom and achievements of his predecessors, for he came at the right time and was the right man.

It is in keeping with his superb genius that he so characteristically bettered the original idea of crossing the Sudan desert by way of Berber to Khartoum with the aid of camel transport, by substituting a railroad. It was his stroke of insight and genius which made a railroad possible where almost every engineer in the world claimed it was not feasible to construct one. While the few who did consider a road possible were projecting it, Kitchener and his staff built it.

An instance of his indomitable will is to be found in the circumstance of his resignation as Sirdar when the young Khedive travelled through the Sudan and insulted every British officer with whom he came in contact. Kitchener promptly resigned, a crisis arose, and the Khedive was forced to do penance publicly for his insolence by issuing a general order praising the discipline of the army and its British officers. Kitchener never afterwards let the Khedive forget who was master.

### *Explanations are Never Asked or Given When Kitchener Commands*

During all his years of preparation in the Sudan, the man Kitchener disappeared. He owns the affectionate admiration of all old comrades of fifteen years' standing and more; he may even hold the affection of private friends in England. For the rest of the world there is no man Herbert Kitchener, but only the infallible general. His officers and men are mere wheels in the general machine; he feeds them enough to make them efficient, and works them quite as mercilessly as he works himself. He will have no married officers on his staff—marriage interferes with work. He is a woman-hater of woman-haters. His creed is that no soldier should ever marry, for by doing so he lessens his efficiency. It is a harsh creed, but it is a sound one. In Egypt during his tenure of office as Sirdar, an officer went on sick leave once, and the next time it was necessary, the Egyptian army no longer bore him on its strength.

Once he remarked in reply to a question as to why he did not let his officers go to Cairo on leave, "If it were to go home, where they could get fit and well, I'd let them, for I could get more work out of them. But why should I let them go to Cairo to frivol their time?" It may be unamiable, but it is war—and it certainly has a severe magnificence.

It was the same in the Boer war. Unexpectedly he arrived at Cape Town one day and found a number of officers loafing on leave in the sunshine of the smiles of fair ladies in the Mount Nelson Hotel. That night most of them returned to their regiments at the front or else left for home on sick leave. He went to each and every officer and inquired what was wrong with him; if not seriously ill the next question asked was the location of his regiment. Then came the abrupt, curt order to return at once. There was no explanation asked or offered. There never is with Kitchener.

In Pretoria, when I was Headquarters' Staff Officer for Transport, an order was issued that no officer was to play polo on a government charger. I used to play polo every afternoon on my private ponies, riding on my charger to the race-course where the polo field was situated. One afternoon I happened to be dribbling a polo ball [illegible] towards the pavilion, while my private ponies were being led [illegible] me. Kitchener and his staff appeared on the scene and rode directly up to me.

"You know the army order about playing polo on government horses?" he asked severely, his eyes cold and expressionless.

"Yes, Sir!" I answered, saluting.

"Where is your regiment now"

"Standerton, Sir!"

"Rejoin to-night!" came the curt order, and, scarcely waiting for my salute, he wheeled his horse and rode on his way. And so ended my career as transport staff officer for the Commander-in-Chief. It was a little thing, one easily explained, and the incident may appear to savor of being over-harsh. But that is Kitchener's way. You must toe the line without deviation—otherwise your head will fall. Somehow I have always admired him for that.

Another thing that showed the strength of the man and his strict sense of the fitness of things—in Pretoria there were many leakages concerning the movements of convoys and columns, owing to the indiscretion of young officers who admired fair Boer ladies or their women sympathisers. Not one single case got by Kitchener and his staff, and the guilty man paid dearly for his thoughtlessness. There was not a thing that occurred in Pretoria that Kitchener did not know immediately. As an instance of this one morning I called at the Pretoria Club about nine o'clock on my way back to my transport camp. No one was in the club except the servants, and I tarried only a few minutes. Yet, fifteen minutes later when I reached my camp, I was warned over the telephone by Kitchener's aide-de-camp against repeating the incident. The club was not for officers until their day's work had been fully performed.

If you suppose for one single moment that Kitchener is unpopular, you are very much mistaken. No general is unpopular who always beats the enemy. Kitchener has never yet led an army to defeat. When the columns of Kitchener's army leave camp in the evening to march all night through the dense darkness, they know not whither, and to fight at dawn with

an enemy they have never seen, every man goes forth with a tranquil mind Personally, he may never come back, on the other hand he may; but about the general result there is never a doubt. You can bet your last cent Kitchener knows; he is not made of the stuff that will fight unless he is sure of winning the battle. Other generals have most surely been better loved—Lord Roberts for instance—but none was ever better trusted.

I have always heard it said by those who have known him longest and most intimately, that the hero of Omdurman has never purged himself of one human weakness. Of all others he has most certainly done so. His one weakness—if it is a weakness, which I very much doubt—is ambition.

Kitchener's ambition, even if apparently purely personal, has been legitimate and lofty. He has attained eminent distinction at an exceptionally early age; he has commanded victorious armies when most men are hoping to command regiments; he has commanded an army in South Africa such as few of his seniors have ever led in the field; and he has been charged with a mission that any one of them would have greedily accepted. He has risen rapidly above the heads of most of his seniors until he had no more to climb over; he has commanded the great Indian army, and rumor has it that his eyes are set on the Viceroy's job in India. He has held Cromer's position in Egypt, and he has acquitted himself as only Kitchener could.

Naturally he has awakened jealousies, but he has bought his rapid rise only by brilliant success in every task he has undertaken. If he is not so stiffly unbending to the high as he is to the low, who can blame him? He has climbed far too high not to take every precaution against a fall. He has risked a fall several times once in the Sudan with the Khedive once when he tendered Cromer to resign from the Viceroyalty of India. But he has always been sure of himself, and he was always in the right. And he had made himself so utterly indispensable that he could not be sacrificed.



***When Kitchener Stood in Gordon's Ruined Garden and for Once Was Moved***

They are afraid of him at the War Office, for they know he is their master and would stand for no nonsense, but now in the time of England's need they have been forced to give him what he has hungered for—supreme command and the chance to show his executive ability.

He has sifted experience and corrected errors; has worked at small things and waited patiently for great; has been marble to sit still and fire to smite; and always he has been steadfast, cold and inflexible. He has cut out his human heart and made himself the world's greatest military leader—a machine of terrific power in war. They said of him in the Sudan that he could break a man's heart with curt censure, and exalt another to heaven with curt praise. They also say of him in the Sudan that he showed the first and only sign of emotion in his career when he stood in Gordon's ruined garden to receive the congratulations of his officers on his brilliant ending to a fifty years' war. They say he could hardly see or speak as his officers shook him by the hand. What wonder? He stood then at his goal after fourteen years of hardships and indomitable plugging.

I once had the chance to see Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener together. It was in Bloemfontein just after its occupation by the British forces. It was simply impossible to refrain from comment upon the striking contrast.

I was discussing the two men, some months later, with a locomotive-engineer on the railroad,

"Oh, yes," he said, "Bobs and Kitchener comes along sometimes. My colonial aunt, y' ought to see the difference in the stations, though! W'en Bobs' train pulls up, he gets out an' strolls along the platform, an' everybody knocks off work so's to come up an' have a look at him. He jes' walks about among the crowd, talkin' to 'em like me an' you would. Asks 'em how they're gettin' on for rations, an' so on. 'Course he's never familiar, or anything like that—y' can always see's he's Boss—an' if he notices anything wrong he lets 'em know quick an' lively—but he seems to be more of a friend to everybody than anything else.

"But when 'Herbert' steps out of his coach there's hardly a soul to be seen on the platform—they're all away diggin' trenches, or mountin' guns, or scoutin' roun' the country—any blessed thing, as long as he finds 'em workin'. Lord 'elp them if they ain't! W'y I believe if Kitchener was to be given command of heaven's gates he'd jes' as soon 'Stellenbosch' Peter, spite of all his long services, supposin' he caught him nappin' any warm afternoon!"

They said of Kitchener at Paardeberg that he begged and pleaded with Lord Roberts to shell Cronje's laager despite the presence of the Boer women and children, but Roberts would not hear of it. Kitchener is credited with having remarked on this occasion that "cruelty in war was mercy, and that mercy was cruelty." If you stop to think this out yourself, you will agree that although appearing inhuman, it is yet real humanity. To end things quickly and so save the greater suffering of protracted warfare is true mercy in the end



***Give Kitchener a Free Hand—And If You Don't, He'll Take It***

Give Kitchener a free hand—and if you don't give it to him he'll take it—and he will make order out of chaos in a few weeks. The speed with which Sir John French's Expeditionary Force of 100,000 men landed in Belgium and joined hands with the Allies is alone a proof of Kitchener's ability. Before this war is ended there will be other and greater proofs.

I have said that though not loved, he is admired and trusted by the whole army. The same may be said of the people. I had striking proof of this in 1910 at the time of the late King Edward's funeral. I saw Kitchener and his staff ride from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Hall just before the procession started on its mournful journey through London. The crowd burst into a wild cheer of delight as they saw him. His cold, sphinx-like face turned upon them and the cheers were hushed instantly. To Kitchener the applause of the crowds meant nothing but an unseemly demonstration. He knows he has deserved well of the people, but his self-satisfaction in having achieved, is what counts with him. It was the same when I saw him lead his victorious army through London on his return from the conquest of the Sudan.

Another striking proof of his indomitable will and powers of organization, if another proof is necessary, was given when he took command of the Coronation arrangements in London at the time of King George's accession. Many people complained of the rigorous penning in of the crowds of the barricades, and the closing of the streets—but it was superbly handled and there were no mishaps.

So it is that the British Empire rejoices and is unafraid now that they know Kitchener of Kartoum is the iron will that will steer England through her time of trial. His is an unenviable task, but one thing everyone can be positive of and that is that he will not fail when it is humanly possible to succeed. He is a great soldier, he would be a great king—but as Secretary of State for War he will be incomparable

*This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.*

### OFF TO THE FRONT

CANADA MONTHLY, like the spirited magazine it is, is right on the firing line, and perforce the Pedlar has to go with it, though what that poor Autolycus can be doing there with his unconsidered trifles, the powers that be alone know.

Moreover, the Man at the Crossroads, for pure divilment insists on accompanying him. "I'll beguile the way for ye," he says, "with many a good war story, for I was sojering in my day along with Robert Blatchford and many another good man in barracks whin Kipling was young," he says, "and turning out copy he couldn't sell," he says, "though it was better stuff than anything th' ould man is giving us to-day."

So we are off to the front with the rest of the boys, though—thanking you kindly for the opportunity—it is our intention to camp as far in the rear as we can and smoke our pipes within sound of war but not of it.

We thought we were on the retired list, accounting ourselves somewhat as veterans, but duty calls and here we are on the march once more.

### WAR, THE CHILD OF JEALOUSY AND HATE

EVERY theory as to the cause of, the reason for, this terrible war has been advanced. There have been learned and lengthy editorials, letters from Pro Bono Publico and his legion of relatives and articles by experts on militarism. But it seems to us that the best and indeed simplest explanation is the jealousy and suspicion which have kept the nations for years arming for this Armageddon until military competition had every nation on tiptoe. Since the Franco-Prussian war, France has been nursing her hatred and augmenting her military service. Germany has been building her mighty and unwieldy war machine, Russia has reorganized and equipped her army and England has each year appropriated immense sums for the building of Dreadnoughts. All this has brought about a tension that had to have relief or burst

It must either be "a let down or a fight." Well, we know now what happened.

And here is the other great cause—hatred. We have come to the conclusion that there is no such bond as the Brotherhood of Man. That is a romantic flight, on some editors' and preachers' part—or the poetic effusion of some maker of songs. We have cultivated hatred and are doing it to-day. The mildest of Canadian middle aged gentleman remarked to us the other day that "he wished he could snipe one German before he died if it were only his barber."

"But my dear sir, the poor barber! What has he to do with it?"

"He's a German, that's all. Susannah, get me my boots."

Susannah came running. "Yes sir, yes sir. Here they are, sir. And there's a man at the back door wants yer hammer. I think he's one of them Germans, sir, the boy from the barber's, sir, with your seegars."

"Donner-und-blitzen! Raus mit him!" cried the middle-aged gentleman, scuffling with his shoes. "Throw him out of the window, Susannah."

Susannah ran to do his commission. But the barber's boy had flown. On the floor were the cigars wrapped in a German paper. On which the middle-aged gentleman presently wiped his boots, which so mollified him that he lighted his smoke and sat down to read about the staggering coolness of the British infantry at the battle of Mons

### THE LUST OF WAR

JEALOUSY and hatred. These are the fomenters of war. There was a time when we had thought that it was Love that swung the world's pendulum. We even wrote fatuously about it. But to-day Hate seems to be the powerful lever that pushes the world's clock. Carefully nursed and exploited hate of the same brand that makes vendetta in Sicily, partyism in politics and war with the whole world

The lust of war is frightful. It gets into men's bones and the very marrow of their bones. The leash of civilization is off. Here is license for blood shedding and rapine and wrecking and not all the progress of the ages, not all the religion in the world, not even the Christ hanging again upon his Cross will stop it as long as nations arm themselves in a very frenzy of militarism, as long as Hate is encouraged and bred into the very children, as long as barbarous patriotism is cultivated.

We are beasts, after all.

### MARKSMANSHIP

"THAT'S a great spiel, ye got off," said the Man at the Crossroads, as we journeyed together down to Valcartier. "You're a fine one for preaching, but Pedlar, me boy, though you were wance in the rear of a sham fight on San Juan Hill, 'tis little you know about the real thing. And the first of it is the drilling. Kitchener knows that, and he's going to take no chances on sending young Canadian raws to the front till he has them trained to a hair. One good thing the Boer war did; it killed volley-firing. There wasn't an officer but thought volley firing the normal thing in action, and independent firing was a forbidden thing. (I noticed, though, that the Canadians went in for it a good bit out there on the veldt.) No more than a few officers are good marksmen. And a bad shot in war time is as useless as a blind kitten. It's the good shooting wins the battles and if every bullet found its billet the war would be over in two months."

### THE BULLET AND THE BILLET

AS a matter of fact, most of the bullets fired in actual warfare are billeted nowhere. Even at the present day, taking into account the immensely increased precision and deadliness of firearms, and the improvement in rifles, the ratio borne by the numbers of the killed and wounded to the number of bullets fired must be very small. Not so long since Lord Roberts said that if the British soldier could be so trained as to make it certain that one shot in twenty "got home" our army might be pronounced five times as formidable as any Continental army

Continued on page 434.

# What and Why is the Internal Bath?

## By C. GILBERT PERCIVAL, M.D.

Though many articles have been written and much has been said recently about the Internal Bath, the fact remains that a great amount of ignorance and misunderstanding of this new system of Physical Hygiene still exists.

And, inasmuch as it seems that Internal Bathing is even more essential to perfect health than External Bathing, I believe that everyone should know its origin, its purpose and its action beyond the possibility of a misunderstanding.

Its great popularity started at about the same time as did what are probably the most encouraging signs of recent times—I refer to the appeal for Optimism, Cheerfulness, Efficiency and those attributes which go with them, and which, if steadily practiced, will make our race not only the despair of nations competitive to us in business, but establish us as a shining example to the rest of the world in our mode of living.

These [illegible] Gospels [illegible] as it were had as their [illegible] the ever present [illegible] question, "How can Ambition for it has [illegible] proven to the satisfaction of all real students of business that the most successful man is he who is sure of himself, who is optimistic, cheerful, and impresses the world with the fact that he is supremely confident always—for the world of business has every confidence in the man who has confidence in himself.

If our outlook is optimistic, and our confidence strong, it naturally follows that we inject enthusiasm, "ginger" and clear judgment into our work, and have a tremendous advantage over those who are at times more or less depressed, blue, and nervously fearful that their judgment may be wrong—who lack the confidence that comes with the right condition of mind, and which counts so much for success.

Now the practice of Optimism and Confidence has made great strides in improving and advancing the general efficiency of the Canadian, and if the mental attitude necessary to its accomplishment were easy to secure, complete success would be ours.

Unfortunately, however, our physical bodies have an influence on our mental attitude, and in this particular instance, because of a physical condition which is universal, these much-to-be-desired aids to success are impossible to consistently enjoy.

In other words, our trouble, to a great degree, is physical first and mental afterwards—this physical trouble is simple and very easily corrected. Yet it seriously affects our strength and energy, and if it is allowed to exist too long becomes chronic, and then dangerous.

Nature is constantly demanding one thing of us, which, under our present mode of living and eating, it is impossible for us to give—that is, a constant care of our diet, and enough consistent physical work or exercise to eliminate all waste from the system.

If our work is confining, as it is in almost every instance, our systems cannot throw off the waste except according to our activity, and a clogging process immediately sets in.

This waste accumulates in the colon (lower intestine), and is more serious in its effect than you would think, because it is intensely poisonous, and the blood circulating through the colon absorbs these poisons, circulating them through the system, and lowering our vitality generally.

That's the reason that biliousness and its kindred complaints make us ill "all over." It is also the reason that this waste, if permitted to remain a little too long, gives the destructive germs, which are always present in the blood, a chance to gain the upper hand, and we are not alone inefficient; but really ill—seriously, sometimes, if there is a local weakness.

This accumulated waste has long been regarded as a menace, and Physicians, Physiculturists, Dietitians, Osteopaths and others have been constantly laboring to perfect a method of removing it, and with partial and temporary success.

It remained, however, for a new, rational, and perfectly natural process to finally and satisfactorily eliminate this waste from the colon without strain or unnatural forcing—to keep it sweet and clean and healthy, and keep us correspondingly bright and strong—clearing the blood of the poisons which make it and us sluggish and dull-spirited, and making our entire organism work and act as Nature intended it should.

That process is Internal Bathing with warm water—and it now, by the way, has the endorsement of the most enlightened Physicians, Physical Culturists, Osteopaths, etc., who have tried it and seen its results.

Heretofore it has been our habit, when we have found by disagreeable and sometimes alarming symptoms, that this waste was getting much the better of us to repair to the drug shop and obtain relief through drugging.

This is partly effectual, but there are several vital reasons why it should not be our practice as compared with Internal Bathing.

Drugs force Nature instead of assisting her—Internal Bathing assists Nature and is just as simple and natural as washing one's hands.

Drugs, being taken through the stomach, sap the vitality of other functions before they reach the colon, which is not called for—Internal Bathing washes out the colon and reaches nothing else.

To keep the colon constantly clean, drugs must be persisted in, and to be effective the doses must be increased. Internal Bathing is a consistent treatment, and need never be altered in any way to be continuously effective.

No less an authority than Professor Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says:—"All of our curative agents are poisons [illegible] one diminishes the patient's vitality."

It is rather remarkable to find, at what would seem so comparatively late a day, so great an improvement on the old methods of Internal Bathing as this new process, for in a crude way it has, of course, been practised for years.

It is probably no more surprising, however, than the tendency on the part of the Medical Profession to depart further and further from the custom of using drugs, and accomplish the same and better results by more natural means, causing less strain on the system, and leaving no evil after-effects.

Doubtless you, as well as other Canadian men and women, are interested in knowing all that may be learned about keeping up to "concert pitch," and always feeling bright and confident.

This improved system of Internal Bathing is naturally a rather difficult subject to cover in detail in the public press, but there is a physician who has made this his life's study and work, who has written an interesting book on the subject called "Why Man of To-day Is Only 50% Efficient." This he will send on request to anyone addressing Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 319, 280 College street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this in The Canada Monthly.

It is surprising how little is known by the average person on this subject which has so great an influence on the general [illegible] and spirits.

My personal experience [illegible] observations make me very enthusiastic [illegible] Internal Bathing for I have seen it [illegible] in sickness as in health, and I firmly believe that everybody owes it to himself, if only for the information available to read this little book by an authority on the subject.

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# Washing Behind Toronto's Ears

Continued from page 406.

the Inspector in the tone of one demanding marriage-lines at the very least.

There it was. But, oh, *horribile dictu*!—it had parsley planted in it and the stuff it should have contained was in a peach basket of ancient date.

The lady of the house apologized with both hands, her tongue being still in Poland. Her halfgrown son apologized after her. But it was to no purpose. Like a sorrowfully determined avenging angel, the Inspector seized an axe and herself demolished the peach basket. That was enough. Poland did the rest and will doubtless continue to do so, even though it doesn't know why. It is an Order from the Health Department.

At the next house we learned of Hannah, who it seemed had died some time since in the police station, leaving her earthly belongings on Centre Avenue with the deponent now deponing. Would the Inspector find out what should be done?

Sure, the Inspector would. Hannah was no more in her province than was Lily sitting next door, out of work, and reading the fortunes of the Duchess of Kingdomkum, but the Inspector is the friend of her people and everywhere she can get in a little word for them she does it. She mayn't be able to help Lily away from the Duchess and the dangers of coveting replicas of her jewelry, but she will if she can.

"Gardens were my next fad," she said to the reporter as the two got under way once more. "I'll show you some."

A knock on the open door was sufficient announcement. The three holidaying Dago construction-hands looked up from their cards with three welcoming grins and the landlady of the lodging house conducted the investigators upstairs and down.

"Clean-a, so-o clean-a!" she smiled, illustrating her previous efforts with the broom.

"You may think the sheets aren't very 'clean-a' even now," said the Inspector, "but when I began the Ward hadn't heard of sheets or pillow cases either. Now you see they have both. I don't believe there's a house without them, except maybe some Poles that are just out. And when they get them, they do try to keep them clean."

It was when we arrived at the garden however, that the little Italian's pride bubbled over.

Straight up to her green tomatoes she walked her guests.

"Ni-ica, oh ni-ica," she crooned,

lifting each little hard nubbin tenderly in two hands.

Every vegetable was an exhibit. Each stalk of corn was a pilgrimage spot. At the parsley she stopped and picked each visitor a bunch. The reporter ate some of hers to show there was no bad feeling and the gardener seemed vastly pleased, pointing out the fact to the three smiling construction boys who filled up the back window.

"Last year I distributed a thousand packages of seeds," said the Inspector as we left, "the Horticultural Society gave them to me and the people here are so proud of what they grow."

Later on all the sweet-eats went to a restaurant, a real Jewish restaurant, evolved out of one of the elder-day kind where the garbage stood a foot deep in the kitchen and the meat was baked in a hand-basin.

To-day the place is all white tiles, white uniformed waiters and white table cloths. No wonder the regular guests manifest a wholesome desire to clean up before they sit down in such a Mosaically-perfect place.

"Ew-thing with co-wers," said the smiling little proprietress who couldn't pronounce a to save her big black eyes," "ew-thing to be clean. Look!"

Out in the kitchen there were separate stands to wash the milk and the meat dishes according to the Talmudic ordinance—six pure white tubs and a sixth by itself for the workers' hands, lest anything should be contaminated.

Elijah who sliced cucumbers, a rabbiesque old man with a skull cap and the eyes of a prophet, was as clean as a white apron could make him and Judith and Miriam who giggled over the dishes were just as irreproachable.

"I worry one thousand dollars," said the lady whose husband had made it all from nothing, "and ew-thing to be clean clean."

Outside we met the probationer inspectress on her rounds.

"Say, they nearly put me out up there the first, I had to make them understand I was just learning in your district, not trying to get your job. One old woman told me she'd lived fifty-seven years in the Ward and she could remember the days when you couldn't get down to Queen Street for the garbage."

The new recruit makes the fourth woman inspector on the lists of the Department of Municipal Housekeeping. Each of them goes out first with the heroine of this tale to practise, before she tackles on her own the Greeks or Poles or ghetto. If English, of her own quarter to be. Each thereafter aims to get her people up to the standard of the up-to-date Ward.

"Next year," said the Inspector who had banished the chicken and


# The Most Costly War

that has involved the whole human race for all time is the conflict between Nature and Disease. The first move in the warfare against Disease is to clear the alimentary canal of all the toxins of past food follies by eating Nature's food—

# Shredded Wheat

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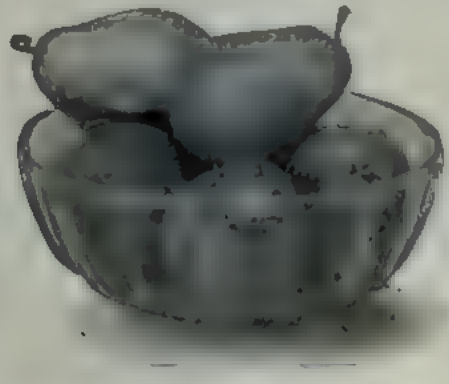

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planted the garbage can and secured the garden for every Wardette who wanted it, "next year, we're going to have flyscreens. You just watch us!"

## *The Corporal and the Girl*

Continued from page 416.

joins the McLeod.) The position was almost too exciting even for him, and he very cautiously drew himself backwards on to the bridge. In doing so he bumped into the Corporal, who was also attempting to rise.

"All right?" asked Tommy.

"Seem to be," answered O'Connor in surprise, feeling himself for broken bones, and not locating any. "What the devil happened? and—what the devil's this?" for his outstretched hand had touched a human body lying near him in the dark.

"Well, what in thunder is it?" asked Tommy testily.

"My God! it's a woman," said the Corporal, running his hand over a luxuriant head of hair. "She's unconscious," as he lit a match and held it near her face.

"Melissa," he said weakly as the wind tossed out the tiny light.

"What?" cried Tommy.

"Melissa Renfrew," said the Corporal fiercely. "I suppose that hell-hound of a brother of hers lit out and left her, not caring whether she was dead or alive," and he turned loose a few more lurid expressions.

"More likely went over the trestle," said Tommy, solemnly. By the aid of matches he had now gotten a fair grasp of the situation. One of the water-barrels which had stood at the side of the bridge to be used in case of fire, had been dislodged by the wind, and rolled on the track. Into this the first car piled and turned turtle, throwing off its human freight. The second car had run into its disabled predecessor, and followed its example.

"She's living," said the Corporal, relieved as the girl moved and groaned a little, "but we must get her over to the camp as quickly as possible. There are lights, so every one has not gone to bed."

At this point the Canadian Northern Railway was tunnelling under the Grand Trunk Pacific trestle, and the bridge camp was situated just below the track. The two young men, after clearing the track of the barrel and disabled hand-speeder, lifted the gasoline car back on to the rails, for the bridge being open between each timber, it was quite impossible for them to carry the girl off the track in the darkness. Their only mode of procedure was to get off as they had come on. Fortunately the car was unhurt and Tommy soon managed to start it going; but while he was fumbling at it in the hampering darkness Corporal O'Connor sat on the track holding in his arms the unconscious form of the girl he loved. He wasn't in doubt on that subject any longer.

At the moment when he had gazed into the apparently dead face of Melissa Renfrew his indecision vanished. In that moment all his objec-

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tions had taken wing. What mattered her faulty English, or her disreputable connections? She was the girl he wanted, and all remembrance of his uncle the Earl faded as completely from his mind as the memory of his wandering nephew had long since faded from the recollection of that haughty nobleman.

"All set," announced Tommy, and the Corporal climbed on with his precious, but none too fairy-like burden, and they were soon off the bridge. A few minutes later they were toiling up the steep bank to the quarters of the engineers, with whom they were acquainted.

Grey, the engineer, who had sat up late, reading, received them with an astonished face, but quickly put his comfortable shack at their disposal, when they explained the situation.

"I'll send some one down to see if you were right about Renfrew's having gone over the bridge," he said, "and perhaps Mrs. Brown," referring to the wife of the storekeeper and the only woman in camp, "will see what can be done for the young lady."

O'Connor put Melissa down on the couch and looked at her helplessly while Tommy, not knowing what else to do, followed Grey out of the shack.

There was a dark bruise on the girl's forehead which was quite sufficient to account for her unconsciousness. The Corporal thinking vaguely that what she needed was more air, unbuttoned her long heavy coat and shifted her a little higher up among the cushions. Either that or the change from the cold air seemed to have the desired effect for with a little sigh she opened her grey eyes to find them gazing straight into the Irish blue ones of Corporal O'Connor. She was not unused to unusual situations, and her mind worked quickly.

"You followed us?" she said.

"I didn't know you were along," apologized the Corporal.

"What's the odds? You'd 'a had to go anyhow. You just done your duty—as mebbe I was just doing mine."

"Why did you go?" asked the young man curiously.

"He couldn't 'a pumped all the way to 39 alone, and no one else would go with him, so he sent Dolman for me. He knew I'd go. You see, though he ain't much good he's my brother, and we was great chums as kids. I didn't want him to go to jail if I could help it, though I guess he deserved to. Oh! dear but it was cold and dark, and I was so frightened at the high places, and then we ran on the big bridge and hit something I suppose, for I don't remember no more. I suppose you'll have no use for me now," and her lip trembled piteously.

"I think you are a brick," said he


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fervently, slipping his arm around her to emphasize the fact

"Did you get him?" she asked, suddenly remembering

"No," he hesitated, "he—he wasn't there, but the speeder was there—and—and—."

"The trestle," she murmured tensely.

"We don't know yet. They've gone to see—but it's quite likely that he did get away into the woods along the river. But, see here, I couldn't help it, you know, whether he got away or—or didn't. I—I hope you won't feel sore at me, because you know I want awfully to marry you."

A wonderful illuminating light flashed over the girl's face, making her for the moment surprisingly pretty

"Marry me?" she said breathlessly, "but—but—you'd be ashamed o' me," for her feminine intuition had long ago revealed his indecision and its cause.

The Corporal flushed.

"No, I won't," he answered stoutly, "I don't care about that. Those things don't matter, really."

'But I care," moaned the girl, "and I'd go to school if I had any money, so's I'd learn to be like your kind o' people"

"I'll have the money, for that matter before long, but I like you just as you are," he protested, "I don't want you changed."

"But I do," she repeated "I've always wanted to go to ladies' college, and if you'll let me go—for awhile after we're married—I'll work so hard I won't have to stay long, and then maybe I'll be nearly good enough for you."

The Corporal flushed again. There flashed across his mind the careless, happy-go-lucky, none too blameless life he had led since the West had claimed him for her own.

"I guess you needn't worry about that," he grinned, "you'll probably be good enough for me at any stage of the game, but you may suit yourself, and I'm glad you won't hold it against me—about Slim, you know."

Her face sobered quickly.

"But—but I guess we're even, ain't we?" she asked, "If you fergive me for helping him, and for belongin' to him, I guess I can fergive you for just doing what was your duty," and she slipped her arms around his neck.

When, a few minutes later Grey and Mrs. Brown came in, the Corporal was standing beside the couch in an awkward attitude that suggested a sudden rising, and the very radiant face of Melissa Renfrew did not suggest that she had received any serious injury in the late accident

"She doesn't look very bad," said Mrs. Brown smiling, and Melissa's face became even rosier than when they entered

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"My head feels sort of dizzy, that's all," she informed them. "I guess I didn't get any bones broke. Did—did Slim get away?"

Grey looked embarrassed and turned imploringly to Tommy, who came in at that moment.

The look on Tommy's face was unmistakable, for he had just watched them carry the mangled remains of handsome, dissolute Slim Renfrew from the bank of the Sundance, where he had fallen, to a near-by tent, and

the horror of the sight was still with him.

"They found him?" she asked faintly.

"Ye—yes," stammered Tommy "he went over the trestle." He had come so near to sharing that fate himself that the sight had quite unnerved him, and he sat down suddenly in a nearby chair. Melissa's grey eyes widened. She hadn't really believed he could have gone over the bridge; it is human nature not to believe in the death of a dear one until it is proven beyond all doubt.

The Corporal sat down suddenly beside her and put his arms around her; with a sob she hid her face against his shoulder.

"Gee!" thought Tommy, "she's landed him," and for some pecu iar reason which he scarcely understood, his thoughts flew to Vivien Vane.

## *Wild Wells*

Continued from page 410.

Alice had refused to stay at the Hotel Houston any longer and run up bills. Then in a bitter quarrel in which altruism clashed with altruism, she forced Seth to allow her to come out to the field town and take a room in a pine-shack, which even the tame title of boarding-house seemed to over-honor. The landlady was Mrs. Bunnell. Her sister Jane was the belle of the field—which was not saying much.

And so December reached its twenty-fourth—a warm and sultry day in which everything seemed as far as possible from the normal Christmas conditions. Late in the afternoon Seth came in and threw himself on a chair in abject collapse.

"The rotary table has just snapped in two. I can't raise money for another. The work has shut down. The men are grouchy, and I'm all in," he explained.

"The men haven't struck, have they?" Alice asked.

"Oh, they're as faithful and patient as you'd expect angels to be," said Seth, "and they promised not to knock off till the last hope was gone, but this has finished them."

"They mustn't stop yet," said Alice. "You just stay heah and tend the baby awhile."

"I guess that's about all I'm good for," Seth groaned, too deeply dejected to note that she had slipped on her hat and hurried out.

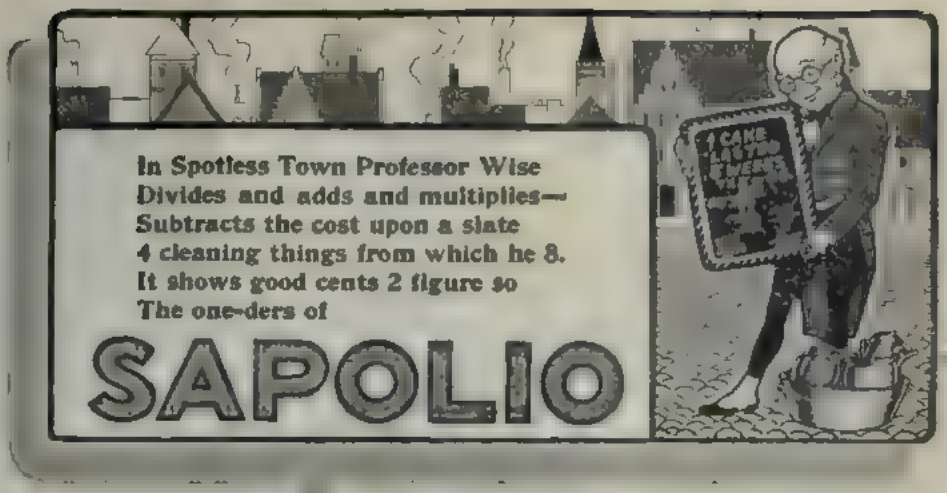
He sat chewing the bitter cud of baffled hopes, and mechanically picking up the toys as the baby threw them overboard. It was then that, after the eleventh consecutive restoration of the little tin bank, the clink of the money shocked his ear and opened his mind to temptation.

He put it away, and vowed to die first. But the bank fascinated him, and as the baby continued to tell over his toes, Seth, Sr., found himself half-unconsciously working at the lock, when Alice burst in.

"The men have promised they'll stay on," she said. "Tom Dominick said he'd work till somewhere or other froze ova, if I asked him tew. So I asked him. All he needed he said was money enough to get a new rotary something or other. Do you reckon we could scrape up a few dollars some place?"

At that moment the little tin bank came suddenly open in Seth's hand, and there was a local cloudburst of pennies, dimes, quarters, bills, and gold pieces.

Alice's eyes widened with joy. She credited the baby with the whole idea,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and was on her knees threatening to nip off all the pink toes at once.

"I'd rather die than rob the baby's bank again," said Seth.

"Well, thank goodness, I haven't such principles," cried Alice. "I'll be the burglar. Besides, he's very anxious for us to use it, aren't you, you b'essed, itty, wootsumtootsum," etc.

When she jabbed her forehead in Seth, Jr's ticklish ribs and burrowed, the baby emitted joyous noises that might have been taken for approval. They sufficed the easy conscience of Alice, and she hobbled about on her knees harvesting the shekels. She forced them into Seth's pocket, got his hat, slammed it on his head, kissed him and shoved him out of the door.

He went with bowed head to the derrick, gave Tom money enough to pay for the repairs, and a little extra to buy cigars and things. "It'll be the baby's Christmas present," he smiled.

When Tom returned with a new rotary and a resharpened bit, he ordered Seth off the premises.

"You go on away f'om heah, Mista Radford," he commanded. "You are daid beat. You need sleep. Besides, it's Christmas Eve, and you ought to be with yo' family."

Seth yielded, and went back to Alice. He could still hear the mumble of the revolving drill when he fell asleep at midnight, worn out with despondency. He slept like a dead man, for hours.

Suddenly he sat up aghast. Had a wildcat leaped at his throat and screamed in his very ear? He rubbed his eyes, and looked about. The scream continued. It was like the death-cry of a thousand panthers. The very physical impact of it was a terrific pain.

He leaped from his bed. Day was just breaking, and in the rosy twilight of dawn he could see Alice staring at him and hugging the baby to her breast. From her look he could tell that she was calling to him. From the baby's distorted scarlet features he could see that Seth, Jr was howling with all the horse-power of his lungs. But not a sound could he hear except that fearful shriek.

He went close to Alice and yelled at her, but she shook her head; she could not hear a syllable. Her features were wrung with the torture of the noise. He motioned her to cover her head with the bed covers. Then he slipped into a few clothes, and hurried out, clasping his hands about his ears as if to keep his skull from being split with the clamor.

He saw his crew running away from his well. The long steel cable had been sent flying like a twine string; two joints of pipe had been hurled against a tree and wrapped around it. The derrick was almost hidden in a white

Continued on page 454.

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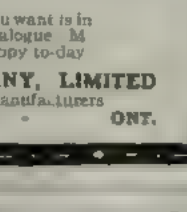

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# The Pedlar's Pack

Continued from page 424.

has yet shown itself. As it is, the army is twice as formidable. The shooting of the British lines at Mons the other day excited the unbounded admiration of the French. The firing was not that of nervous or excited men, such as happened to the New York 73rd, let us say, in the Philippines when poor chaps (who had just left the land office and the ice cream counter) for the first time learned the awful fact that it was no fancy play at the ranges, but a matter of life and death with a real enemy popping at them, until they found themselves firing with shut eyes like Mr. Winkle at the partridges, and the roof of every man's mouth was hot with trouble.

And if our British—those cool, methodical, efficient men—lost heavily in that five days' fighting, what of the Germans?

Our boys, say the reports, went silent and happy to their positions, without singing, which is forbidden these days, but with their own sallies of humour—that of Little Ortheris, and Mulvaney, and now Johnny Canuck.

### ESTIMATES

IT is estimated that in the Franco-Prussian war the Germans fired 20,000,000 bullets. The French killed and wounded amounted to about 140,000 men. According to this, only one ball out of 143 fired hit its man; and assuming that on an average one man out of seven hit was actually killed, it would seem that only one bullet in 858 proved effective. At the battle of Bantzen 714 bullets were fired for one man put *hors de combat*. At Victoria, Wellington's army fired 500 shots for one man killed or wounded.

In 1849, at Kobling, the Prussians fired 77,000 cartridges and killed or wounded 475 Danes; that is, one man was hit out of every 163 shots fired. Such estimates might be vastly extended without serving much purpose, but they show how necessary is efficient marksmanship, and how futile for all murderous purposes is a rifle practice that exercises a man's marksmanship at the rate of 60 shots a day for comparatively a few days or weeks a year.

But we must leave the war fields for easier grazing for a minute.

### GOD KNOWS!

A QUIET drunken man came into our back porch the other day and finding all doors locked, treated himself to a brown paper parcel which he found on the stoop, and slouched off with it. God knows what he could do with it. Item: One roll of cotton; item: one white skirt; item: one length of blue print; item: two delicate undergarments edged with lace; item: one straight waistcoat (ladies'). The next day a "suspicious person" was found loitering in a nearby alley and was promptly placed in the charge of a pink-nosed policeman and led into captivity. He was found to be the same man, he who had pilfered the petticoats of Susannah.

Everybody said, "What a blessing to be rid of him!"

"An infamous scoundrel!" cries Mr. Grundy.

"I can't think," says Mrs. Grundy, "why such people are allowed to live

"God knows," says Susannah.

"I trust he does," says Mrs. Grundy, sighing.

"Shure," says Susannah, who needs but the wind of a word to be off upon a dissertation. "Shure an' why wouldn't He? Didn't He know what was in the little boy's pocket when the priest in confession couldn't tell him what was in it?"

"And what was in it, Susannah,?" asks Mr. Grundy pompously.

"The devil a pocket at all he had," says Susannah—which reply had in it the essence of such finality as made further conversation useless.

### OUR DAILY HYPOCRISIES

SOME one pitched a letter from over a green hedge into the Pedlar's Pack as he travelled along the dusty road at a great pace—for he was late with his wares. Sitting by the wayside later with his frugal lunch, he found it to be a dissertation upon Truth, and an appeal that it be made a ware of the Pedlar's Pack. "Truth" at all costs and every day and in everything. "What do you think of it?" asks the man in his letter.

I much fear me that it is a fabric out of which an honest Pedlar would not make much selling by yard or inch. Truth every day and in everything! Let's see.

Keene once had a sketch in Punch. The guests were seated, the host was prattling the usual lies—"So sorry you are going—now, can't we persuade you?—how time has flown! Hope we shall soon see you ag—!"

Comes the coachman, one Patrick, whispering behind the back of his hand.

"Will I make thim too late for the thrain, your Hanner? Shure I can aisy, me lord, if you say the worrd." To which his master, the host, replied in the ghost of a whisper.

"If you dare, I'll—Drive like the devil!"

Let's see again:

Miss Edgeworth once, when leaving Bowood with her sister after a visit to Lord Lansdowne, said in reply to his Lordship's civil "I am sorry you can-

# The Factory that Times the World

By night, from the River Charles, one gets an impressive picture of the Waltham Watch plant at Waltham, Massachusetts.

In capacity it is so great that it manufactures three thousand watch movements a day.

In the delicacy and scientific exactness of its processes, it has been accorded first place the world over.

This is the oldest watch plant in America—the largest in all the world. From it to every corner of the earth have gone the Waltham instruments of precision.

Nearly twenty million men and women time their daily movements by the Waltham Watches manufactured here.

Jewelers everywhere regulate their timepieces by the Waltham Chronometers, which they unhesitatingly accept as *standard*.

In official naval services and on the best appointed yachts and motor-boats the authority of the Waltham Marine Chronometer is regarded as *final*.

Motorists in every land depend upon the Waltham Automobile Timepieces to give them the exact hour under all conditions of wind, weather, and road.

And so we speak the literal truth when we say: "This is the Factory that times the World."

From this Waltham factory each year go timepieces which outclass all competitors in the tests at the famous Kew Observatory in England. These trials are the most authoritative in the world. More Waltham Watches receive the Kew Class A certificate (of accuracy) than any other make of watch—a proof accepted by watch experts as conclusive of Waltham's unrivalled resources.

This prestige of Waltham has been won during more than half a century of scientific and commercial conquest. Waltham has revolutionized the world's watch making. It has been the originator of new methods, the inventor of new machinery, a daring and successful pioneer. The story of the origin and triumph of Waltham offers a fascinating example of the success that rewards an organization seeing a human need and filling it better than it was ever filled before

In Europe watch-making was a *household* industry, subdivided into more than a hundred distinct branches and employing thousands of men, women and children in their homes. At Waltham all these processes were placed under one roof and automatic machines replaced the hands of the workers. The most important result of this change was that the watch parts became *interchangeable* so that a part may be taken from one watch and placed in another without changing it in any way and both watches give perfect results.

Waltham thus introduced uniformity and regular standards into watch making, where chaos prevailed before. To the watch purchaser this meant not only the finest watch in the world, but the possibility of quicker, easier and cheaper repair in case his watch met with an accident.

The nucleus of the Waltham Company was formed in 1849 by Aaron L. Dennison who had observed the manufacture of muskets on the interchangeable system in the government arsenal at Springfield, Mass. He reasoned that similar economy of method could be utilized in making watches. He set up a few machines in a clock works in Roxbury, then a suburb of Boston. In 1850 a small factory was built and the model of the first watch completed. It was made to run eight days without rewinding, but this was found impractical. The first watches were actually placed on the market in 1853. Seeking a more favorable environment, free from dust, the company moved in 1854 to its present location at Waltham, 12 miles from Boston, and this site today remains unequaled for the manufacture of delicate instruments. On the one side is the River Charles, on the other an open park, with abundant foliage, sunlight and flowers. The atmosphere is pure and dustless.

In 1854 the company employed 90 hands and its output was 5 movements a day. Today it manufactures 3000 movements a day, employs a "small army" of people, and its total output is nearly 20,000,000 watch movements

Many of the most delicate and difficult processes of watch manufacture are exclusive to Waltham The best method of making the over-coil or Breguet *hairspring* is possible only at Waltham. Waltham *mainsprings* are made by a secret process and are so superior that any jeweler will tell you that "the best mainsprings come from Waltham". The Waltham "escapement" is celebrated for the attention and care which is bestowed upon it

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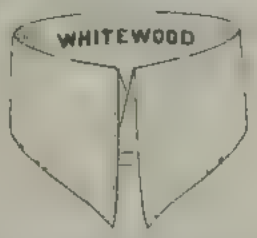


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CANADA MONTHLY, Toronto, Ont.


not stay longer," "Oh, but my lord, we can!" Whereupon the boxes were taken off the carriage which was sent away, and the ladies re-entered the house with the astounded and chagrined host.

Listen to the dear ladies

"Thank you, dear; so glad to have seen you! Oh, Lord, didn't she look a fright! Hair dyed a new shade and a purple make-up! Sixty if she's a day; and the way she frisks about! Awful old woman!

Far be it from a poor Pedlar to fall into such bogholes as strict adherence to the truth would place him. To be sure he sells shoddy for cloth, and at that you'd cheat him in the price, but both he and you know the tricks of the trade, and you get as good as you give. The trifling untruths may not be worth while, but could we get along without them? Could we live the daily life without some one or other of the little conventional hypocrisies? For instance, if I told you dear Madam, that I more than suspected that your good looks came from your maquillage box, and that you had passed the half century milestone a good decade ago, and you retaliated by saying "If I'm sixty, you must be eighty, for you've been writing nonsense for the last forty-five years, and everybody knows that you aren't a Pedlar at all, but just a plain woman," would we be happier than when you address me as "Dear Editor," and I subscribe myself—"Yours affectionately, The Pedlar?"

### FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

"Now Germany is a land of universal mourning. Black is the predominant color. The train which conveyed me from the Capital to Hamburg was full of weeping women in black. Women in Germany are either desolate or racked by the torture of suspense. Each knock at the front door caused a panic in every household, for it may be the dreadful official message announcing the death or multilation of a husband, or son, or brother.

"Germany has called her last line of reserves and every household is directly concerned in the war. In some families all the male members are at the front. The losses have been colossal, and the suppression of public lists by the authorities has not concealed the extent of toll in human lives, which Germany is forced to pay for the Kaiser's policy. For local lists are still published and bad news travels fast so that a fairly accurate, though probably still incomplete, idea of the number of casualties exists.

"I believe I will be within the mark in stating that more than 100,000 German soldiers already have been killed in various battles on the eastern frontier, the western frontier and in Belgium and France. Heaviest of all have been the casualties in continuous fighting between the Mons and Charleroi line and in the present positions of the forces moving on Paris."

*Extract from the correspondence of Count Rudolph Ehrenburg*

THE heart is sore and depressed with all that has happened, that is being written. The mind staggers at numbers in this war of the world. It cannot conceive a line of battle in which millions of men are engaged. Every other war in history dwindles to pigmyism before this shocking Beast of a War that is eating men up like a Moloch and breaking the hearts of the women. They are stunned with misery, the women of Germany, of France, of little Belgium, of vast Russia, of Austria, of Britain, and soon it will come home to the women of Canada. Quiet soldiers, the women, steadfast and patient and unutterably


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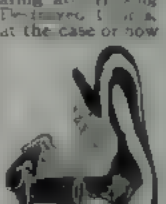


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sad. I saw them once—the women looking at their dead and wounded. I heard the sound of their wailing. I saw the stunned, dull faces, heard the sobbing in the night as I lay unsleeping on the flags of Clara Barton's Red Cross hospital in Santiago. And I have not forgotten. I shall never forget.

It was gay-going to Cuba seventeen years ago. No fresh-cheeked lad that ever laughed his goodbye from a train window on his way to Valcartier was ever more happy or carefree than "the first accredited woman war correspondent in the world" as she went gaily—gaily, oh my God!—aboard, accompanied by a cohort of the Press boys, the good comrades of years.

For her, war meant scoops for her paper, glory and sound, and the beating of drums and the flying banners.

She knew that somewhere in the background there were bullets and the roar of guns and wounded men and dying horses. But these were in the background while she was "going to the front." I never hear or read the word now without feeling a pulse of that despair which before I came back gripped my soul and remains with me yet. To the front! and the drums beating and the "boys" singing, and the women cheering through their tears!

No woman will ever cheer on the troops again. Let them go in silence; in love; in that deep grief of heart which the forlorn mother of some killed boy has known and will know until her hour of rest comes

And all Germany is a land of mourning. And all the women are in black. And so is Belgium and Britain and France. So may be Canada

Somebody asks for an article on war "from the woman's standpoint." As if she had any standpoint save that of horror and grief and silence. And yet she is a brave soul—Woman. She gives her man or her boy willingly, bravely, even cheerfully. There is nothing grudging about her. But do you think she is not remembering the man of her heart—the child she brought in her pangs of anguish into the world years ago? He will always be a baby to Her. She has his little old toys—happy little toys over which she will weep slow silent tears. And there will be a small drenched woolly sheep somewhere, that once used to "Baa" gaily as he swept along on red wheels, or maybe an old tin cow with all the red washed off. I once saw a woman weeping over her baby's toys But she had not shed a tear over her dead soldier

There has been so much cheering and drum-beating throughout Canada. Too much. Too-flaring black headlines, too much excitement and "whoop it-up" and "Send 'em along." The women have thrown themselves devotedly into work for their soldiers' comfort. There is the feeling that they must do something. But over [illegible] in Germany the women sit in their closed homes trembling if the door-knocker rouses its clamour of dismay through the manless home. You know what it is when the yellow envelope of the telegram is handed in at the door when you have a boy sick somewhere, or some dear one lies in danger. You hesitate then you fumble at it, open it somehow and if the few words of cheer are there . . .

But your heart was trembling as you took the flying message. Think of the women of Europe—thousands of them—listening, waiting [illegible] household directly concerned in the war. In some families all the male members are at the front. The sound of war is great. The roar of [illegible] fills the world. But [illegible] and overcoming the [illegible] cry will be the wail of the women grieving over their dead

# A White Enamel Finish That Will *Not* Turn Yellow

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**Canada Monthly, Toronto, Ont.**


# The Wall-flower

Continued from page 407.

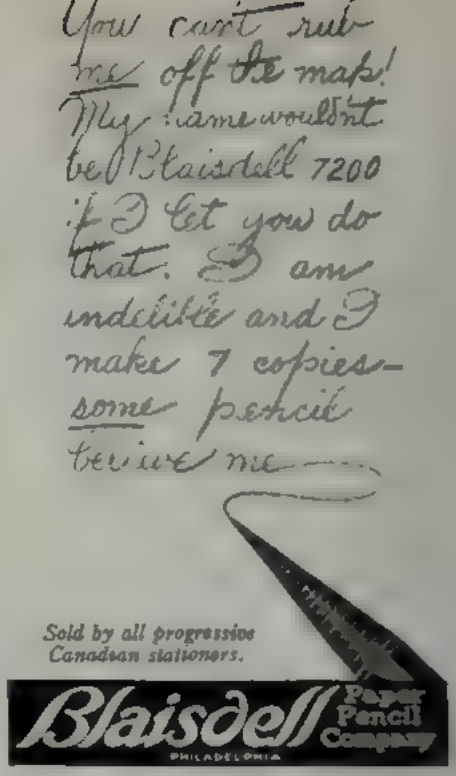
after his tithes and dues bought two slips for his wife and gave Cicely half a guinea for them. The Kem family tipped her with sixpences whenever they came, and praised her, and her mistress fully appreciated her little handmaid's faithful service, and presented her with a chintz kerchief for her neck, and a flowered white muslin apron for Sunday. She bought herself Sunday shoes—Cicely had a pretty foot—and new ribbons for her bonnet, and as a result of all this prosperity, according to village gossip she grew "top-lofty", especially when she had two beaux at once, and her flower was at its very best. And now comes the tragedy of it all. She gave the strapping young rosy-cheeked village butcher whom she favored, a sprig of wall-flower, which he wore ostentatiously in his button-hole, and she sat demurely beside him in church in sight of the other admirer, a gentleman's groom, whose face she had slapped and scratched the day before, because he had kissed her without leave.

It was a dark summer night,—no moon—and John Westcome, the butcher, escorted her home from church and on the road proposed to marry her, but she refused, declaring that while the old lady lived, she would never leave her; her beau retorting gallantly that he would wed no other girl, "no, not if the old lady lived to be a hundred." He clenched the promise by biting a bright silver sixpence in two, with his strong young teeth, and giving Cicely half of it.

It was supposed that the groom, Francie, who had been refused a nosegay that very morning, followed them in the dark, and heard it all; be this true or false, he was in the village, very late that night as his master had dined with Mr. John Griffin, which meant strong ale, endless talk on politics, and late hours.

Cicely went to bed feeling very important and happy, with the scent of the wall-flower in her nose, and sentimental and ambitious dreams in her head. She slept soundly, and so did Miss Kem. When they awoke in the morning, a drizzling rain had set in, and the wall-flower was *gone*; torn silently from the house, and *gone root and branch*. The lawn had been trampled by a pair of heavy boots, and a few leaves and flowers were scattered about.

Mistress and maid wept together, and then Cicely went crying down the village street, following the trail of her lost treasure; but not far. Soon she came to a place where a horse had been tied, and there was no further trace of the flower, or the heavy boots.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**CANADA MONTHLY, TORONTO, ONT.**

It was some weeks before they were sure of the thief, though John Westcome put the sprig Cicely had given him between the leaves of his Bible, and swore vengeance, and Miss Kem who had turned eighty, fell ill with the shock of the theft. Mr. John Griffin's daughter, a little girl of ten, was sent by her mother with her kindly compliments to express her sympathy, and a bunch of roses, and Miss Kem gave her a small glass of wine and a seed cake, and told her at great length what a "turn" this outrage had given her. Miss Masculin also called to state her regret that she could not get Cicely another wall-flower, as Lord Bruce had closed the forest against pleasure parties, but she gave the bereaved little girl a tract on the mysterious ways of Providence, and a bright shilling.

The village was moved to great indignation when at last it was proved beyond a doubt, who had really done the evil deed. Twelve village girls, servants and peasants all, Cicely's big sister Poll Cockle being the ringleader, waylaid the groom Francie, as he left the village inn, and tearing him out of his saddle, forcibly carried him to the adjacent pond and ducked him over head and ears, twelve times. His descendant is now Lord Heneage. When at last they dumped him half dead upon the bank, they noticed something clinging to his boots. It proved to be the broken desecrated remains of the poor wall-flower. It was pruned and planted again, but never grew; it was dead indeed. A climbing rose was set on either side of Miss Kem's door, but though charming in their way, they were "fast of their scent", and you had to put your nose into them to learn their full value. They were not so gloriously, aggressively, bewitchingly attractive as the lost favorite, tossing its long trailing branches in the wind, and scattering sweets recklessly up and down the street, and across, swaying in golden brown, and royal purple as the sun shone on it.

John Westcome had kept the inn servants from going to the rescue of the groom when he cried for help, and held his horse during the ducking, and he was taken by Francis (backed by his master) before a magistrate—John Heneage, Esq.—to answer for his deed. As it happened, it was a quorum, four English gentlemen, all in hunting suits impatient for the chase, annoyed at the delay, and eager to be after the fox. The groom wanted the redress of the law for his ill usage.

"Shake hands and ha' done with it," quoth John Heneage, Esq.—"agree, puppies, agree; there isn't much law for a penny," a remark which has

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The HUDSON Six-40 for 1915 is the finished model of Mr. Coffin's ideal car. It shows his latest conception of the new-day type.

He has worked for four years on it. So have 47 other HUDSON engineers. Thus this HUDSON Six-40 is their composite idea of the high-grade car. It is their latest and best—in size and little—in beauty and in mechanism, in refinement and detail.

If there are faults or shortcomings—if any car excels it—then these 48 engineers are mistaken. But that isn't thinkable. You will find in this HUDSON Six-40 the representative car of to-day.

### It Differs in Degree

The HUDSON Six-40 is not unique. It is simply in advance of others in the almost universal trends.

Practically all of the upper-class cars are now Sixes. And that engineer who doesn't consider the Six as his final goal lacks this ultimate object—continuous power.

Lightness is a common trend. The old excesses due to wrong materials or crude designing are being rapidly wiped out. The HUDSON engineers—in this 2,890-pound car—have nearly excelled their rival.

Low operative cost is sought for by makers and users alike. But the HUDSON Six-40 saves more than others, by record lightness in this class and by a new-type motor.

Minimum beauty, comfort and attractions in any car. But 48 designers have worked four years in perfecting the HUDSON refinements.

And the price trend is generally lower. Larger production and standardization make this expected and possible. But the new HUDSON Six-40—selling $200 lower than last year—best shows what efficiency can do.

### Five Bodies—No Delays

The HUDSON Six-40 is built this year with five beautiful new-style bodies. Note the list below. Each offers countless up-to-date attractions, some of which are exclusive to this car.

With our trebled output this year we are coping with demand. We go to extremes to save delays to our buyers. Up to this writing, 45 per cent. of all this season's shipments have gone out by express—trainloads to single cities.

To-day you can get prompt delivery despite this year's amazing popularity. Go see your HUDSON dealer. If he can not deliver a car at once, he will see that you don't wait long.

**Hudson dealers everywhere. Catalog on request.**

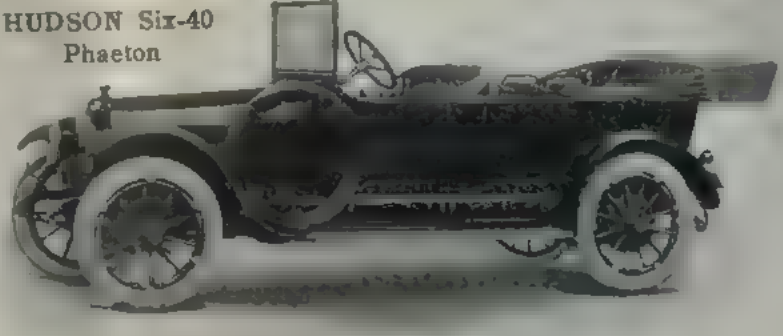
**7-passenger Phaeton, $2,100.**

**3-passenger Roadster, same price.**

**Cabriolet, $2,375—Coupe, $2,900—Limousine, $3,450.**

**Prices quoted are all f. o. b. Detroit, duty paid.**

HUDSON Six-40
Phaeton



**HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 7930 Jefferson Avenue, DETROIT, MICH.**

passed into a proverb in that part of Wiltshire.

But they would not agree; the groom said he wanted Justice.

"That would be a shirt full of sore bones," cried Westcome, "and I'm the lad to give them to you, if you'll come out on the green, and stand up like a man, and the gentlemen can see fair play."

One of the quorum who took pleasure in the refined amusements of bear-baiting, badger-drawing, and cock-fighting, thought it a good idea, but his colleagues would not consent, and decided to dismiss the case with a light fine

"Wherever there is mischief, there's sure to be a woman at the bottom of it," said one magnate who was cynical and a bachelor.

"The girl must be a shrew to have scratched thy face for a kiss," said another consolingly, "and thy enemy will get his punishment when he marries her."

John Heneage, Esq., had the last word. He rang the bell, and ordered the man who answered it, to take the aggrieved Francis to the servants' hall "and make him comfortable with some good ale; tell the womenfolks to be kind to him for he's suffered from the fair sex."

To Westcome he said; "Never show such a scowling face as that to thy betters, lad. You have had your frolic, backing the wenches in their malice, and have to take the consequences like any other champion of dames. You've got out of it easy, and it ought to teach you wit. You've lost the day's work and must pay the fine, but Cicely will make it up to you, for I hear she's a clever and kind little maid, take her on the right side."

Cicely *did* make it up to him at the age of twenty-seven, when Miss Kem died; and St. George's bells rang merrily for their wedding. Westcome was a well-to-do man by that time and removed to the county of Hants He drove Cicely across the Downs to his home in his own tax cart. As they were bowling along, he said, "I've two surprises for thee, lass. The first is that my cot and bit o' land are my own. I am a freeholder and have a vote. The last and best I leave thee to find out."

She found out the best surprise, the instant he lifted her down from the cart; two sturdy young wall-flowers, one on each side of the front door. He had bought them of a famous florist to be sure of the right colors; but alas! there is no perfection in unconverted human nature, even among flowery men. "When they blossomed," said Cicely with a gentle sigh, "they were a pale *yaller*."


# Sturdier Tires

## In These Four Ways Excelling All the Rest

The tires which rule in Tiredom now are Goodyear tires—by long odds.

After men have used four millions of them, they lead in prestige and in sales.

The only reason is that motorists—hundreds of thousands of them—have proved these the sturdiest tires. They use them and tell other men to use them.

### Where They Excel

Back of that super-service lie four exclusive features. They are these:

**Our No-Rim-Cut feature.** Time has proved it the only satisfactory way to completely wipe out rim-cutting.

**Our "On-Air" cure.** This exclusive process costs us heavily, but it ends the chief cause of blow-outs.

**Our rubber rivets.** By a patent method, hundreds of these are formed in each tire to combat tread separation. They reduce this risk by sixty per cent

**All-Weather treads**—the matchless anti-skids. They are tough, double thick and enduring. Resistless on wet roads with their deep, sharp grips; yet flat and smooth, so they run like a plain tread.

### Upper Class Tires How to Get Them

These things make Goodyears the upper class tires. No other maker employs them. And no other method combats one of these troubles in an equally efficient way.

These things mean safety, sturdiness and strength. They mean maximum mileage and minimum trouble.

When one tire gives them—and others don't—you should get the tire that does.

Any dealer will supply you if you say you want this tire. He will sell it to you at a price impossible were it not for our mammoth output.

It is up to you. Note again these extra features. Then ask some Goodyear user what it means to have such tires.

Find out why Goodyear leads.

**The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company of Canada,**

Head Office: TORONTO, ONT LIMITED Factory, BOWMANVILLE, ONT

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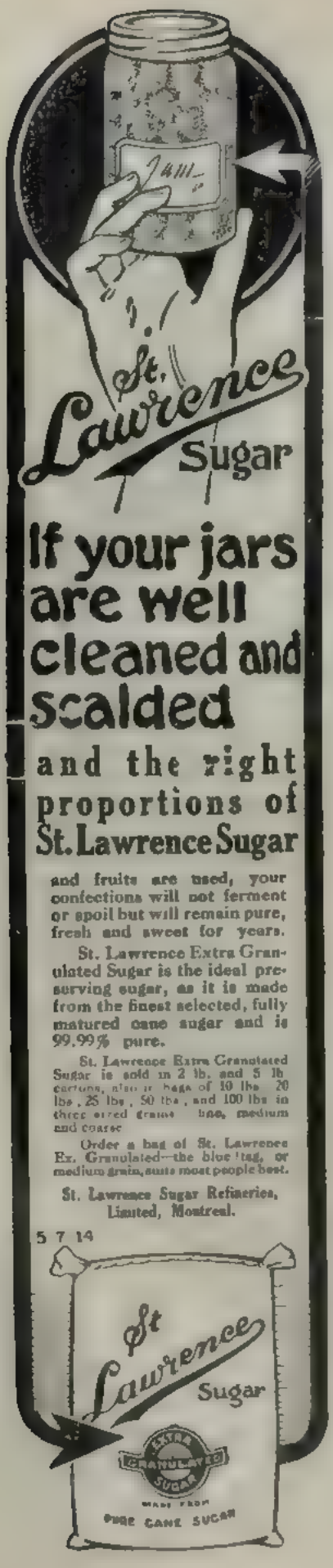
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St Lawrence Sugar
EXTRA GRANULATED SUGAR
MADE FROM PURE CANE SUGAR

# When They Said Good-bye

Continued from page 412.

crowd, "'of whom then shall I be afraid.' He sang that last Sunday.

"Hush," whispered her friend, "there's his mother."

"Goodbye Tom, goodbye," called a loose-haired Cockney girl to her brother. "tike care o' yourself."

"You bet!" was the laughing response. Tom had "served" before.

"Nothink like a little blood 'ud make 'im sick," said his sister proudly. She was scrublidy to a Bank down town, but no officer's sister held her head higher.

"W'ere's Charlie?" called Tom, "'ere, you, Charlie, don't you get in any of these 'ere r'ilroad accidents w'ile I'm gone."

Charlie smiled feebly. Charlie had a wife and two kiddies or 'e'd a' gone 'isself.

"I don't see him. I can't—see—*anything*!" moaned Bessie, crying on her pink voile. "Oh, *there* he is! He's in the car window, but he doesn't see me."

"Never mind, dear," said the sad-eyed woman next her, who had come to see the Handsomest Officer entrain, "we'll think hard and we'll wave our hands and maybe he'll look. Oh, I wish I could tell my son—which one, dear?—third window?"

Very gallantly the Handsomest Officer's mother waved her little gloved hand. But Dickie Dreadnought's questing eyes searched heaven and earth and the fringe of men on the station top, without ever sighting either of the wavers. They were gradually working their way toward him, but at this rate it would take an hour.

Then, down at the train-head, the band struck up the regiment's marching song, the ranting, lilting "British Grenadiers." The engine bell rang, and slowly the cars started.

As though you had touched a match to a mine, a roar broke from the crowd. It wasn't a cheer. It was too deep for that. And on the crest of it, arms shot high, hats were waved, and the train windows broke into a fireworks of service caps, tossed off in return.

"And he never saw her!" said the reporter regretfully as the green flags grew smaller in the east.

"Why yes!" cried the officer's mother, "didn't you see? She got through just at the last second, and that Englishman they were calling Charlie picked her up in his arms and held her as high as the car window and he kissed her."

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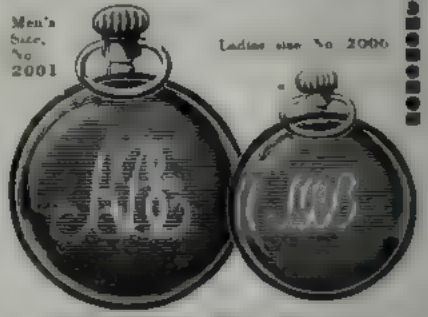


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## D. T. T. LIST.

Ever in evidence wherever motor cars go, DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD is the surest assurance that motorists have the correct viewpoint on the dangers of skidding.

Safety of those motoring with him is the first thought of the motorist

Such like first thoughts always lead to DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD as the first choice in the big range of tires now possible to get.

No motoring car is as radically different to other motor cars as DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD is to other motor tires.

Watch cars going by at good speed and DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD is the only tire you can recognize in action

Walk back from a number of cars in a row and you'll find that the last tire you can name is DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD.

These last *two* points are not mentioned because in themselves they have any value, but what they lead up to is this DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD has an individuality all its own, and that individuality covers Looks, Construction, Service

What your eyes immediately notice in DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD are those big "V s"

We are the only tire manufacturers who have gone to the limit in order to make a tire Master Of The Road.

In comparison with us all other tire makers underestimate the dangers of skidding

When we sell you DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD we sell you Safety First and these other features

60 CUBIC INCHES LARGER
NEVER DID RIM-CUT
NO LOOSENED TREADS
50% LESS ROAD FRICTION
MINIMUM PUNCTURES
MAXIMUM MILEAGE

While it was far from being the lowest-price tire DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD in less than three years jumped to the front in general favor with motorists all over Canada

All of which ought to pretty nearly convince you that the only profitable [illegible] worth in tire buying is to go determined to purchase the tire which has all the merits possible [illegible] the necessary price

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PUBLISHER

TORONTO : : : ONT.


# *The Red Badge of Courage*

Continued from page 399

been made to impress the idea of working on both sides of the question.

The plan of organization has been kept quite simple. One part of the committee works under the Red Cross with captains for the various departments, such as House Work and Hospital supplies, offers of service, patterns, etc. The other works under the Social Service League, with a general Civic Work committee, composed of a number of captains, one from each section of the city.

In the Headquarters at 559 Sherbourne Street, there is a busy hum from early morning until late at night. Public and private generosity has loaned the building, furnished it, completely wired it with electricity, installed gas, and even provided such small etceteras as waste baskets and note books. The light in headquarters, by the way, cannot possibly "fail," as the building has been wired by both city electrical companies.

Some idea of the magnitude of the task which confronts the women of Canada is gained from a glance over the list of supplies needed by the Red Cross Society properly to equip the 25,000 men offered for the first contingent alone. From statistics of previous wars, it was gathered that five per cent. of the men at the front were in hospital, either sick or wounded, within six weeks of their going into active service. In proportion then there must be provision made in Canada for 1,250 sick. Of this number Toronto undertook to provide for one fifth, Hamilton for one hundred, and other cities have announced their readiness to undertake their share.

How to meet the needs of her two hundred and fifty men was Toronto's problem, solved for the most part by the forming of neighborhood societies. And here is where the true unselfishness called up by such a cause is best shown. It is not an Anglican society working together, nor a Presbyterian, nor a Methodist, but a neighborhood society, composed very often of women who have never spoken to each other before, but who become the friendliest of co-workers, comparing notes over the tightness or looseness of a knitting stitch in the making of wristlets and cholera bands, or the length of a hospital night gown. These neighborhood societies have provided their own material and made it up at some central meeting place. In one case this was a Sunday-school room, in another, a room in a public institution. More often, it has been found at the house of one of the workers. There


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**Blue-jay** costs about five cents per corn. It is applied in a minute. It involves no pain or soreness. And it always acts. Think what folly it is to have corns.

Don't judge **Blue-jay** by other treatments which have proved so ineffective. Give it one chance to show. A million corns monthly are now removed in this way.

Start to-day to know the joy of never having corns.

**Blue-jay**
Plasters
End Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists

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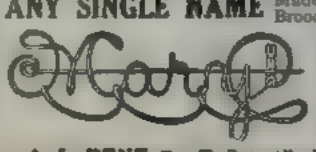

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have been no funds available from headquarters, but that has been no bar to the rapid progress. Heart confidences are exchanged over the cutting table by women whose sons are among the volunteers, and many a tear has been wiped away on the rough flannel shirts, and many an anxious thought is woven in with the yarn which is forming the grey army socks

In the upstairs workroom of the headquarters, six or eight sewing machines keep up a constant whirl from nine o'clock until ten o'clock, and those who have time on their hands are spending it there, cutting, sewing, knitting or packing.

The personal comforts needed by the Red Cross include shirts, undershirts, pyjamas, night shirts, handkerchiefs plain and of cheesecloth, knitted night caps, woolen gloves, all sorts of toilet necessaries, knitted comforters, drawers, socks, holdalls for toilet necessities, chocolate, etc., while among the hospital supplies, besides such very necessary things as sheets, pillow cases, blankets, bandages, etc., there is a formidable list of more technically-named necessities. It must be remembered, as Col. Ryerson, the head of the Red Cross work in Toronto, said to the workers at a mass meeting, that a man cannot possibly get along with one shirt and that it would be cruelty to expect him to go through the war with one pair of socks, so the initial supply must necessarily be a generous one, with later reinforcements.

That the League is ready to meet even emergency calls was evidenced by one morning's work when a request was received from the Valcartier camp, for the immediate shipping of hospital supplies, including condensed milk, cocoa, arrowroot, cornstarch, tapioca, essence of beef, cooking chocolate, lime juice, fruit, toilet and shaving soap, combs, and brushes, wash tubs and wash boards, hand mirrors and shirts.

The list looked formidable. the tme was after ten o'clock and the day Saturday, but the telephone and the auto came into rapid requisition and the express at noon carried off the desired order.

It would be hard to ascertain the full number of those working, for wherever you turn there is a busy group, knitting wash cloths, making pillow pads, filling kit bags, or hemming sheets

In St Andrew's Institute for instance, so closely united with the Forty-eighth Highlanders, every one, from the little girls of the primary schools up to the wives and sisters of the officers and men, has undertaken some work. The Women's Association volunteered to supply kit bags, to make pillow cases,

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For the principles of construction that govern the making of the Kindel Kind permit it to be made in the correct proportions for the utmost in appearance and comfort.

The Kindel Kind is made in three types and a wide range of designs to suit a variety of preferences and space requirements. These three types are the Somersaultic, the De Luxe and the Divanette. All accomplish the same purpose equally well—it is simply a question of which you prefer.

Ask for your copy of the new Kindel booklet, "The House That Grew."

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Secondly—On account of the war, imported underwear will be difficult to get, therefore this is a good opportunity for you to prove to yourself the superior quality of **"CEETEE" Underclothing**, made in *your own country.*

Be economical this winter by purchasing **"CEETEE"** all pure wool Underclothing. Every garment is fashioned during the knitting to fit the contour of the human form. It has all selvedge edges and all joins are knitted together (not sewn). Only the very finest and absolutely clean Australian Merino wool is used—so soft that an infant could wear it

***Guaranteed not to shrink.*** ***It is made in Canada from British wool.***

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and also to cut and prepare pillow pads for the members of the Business Girls' Club of the Church to take home and make up in their spare time. The amount of work thus accomplished is a proof of the assertion that the busiest people are often the best workers. The women of the Forty-eighth Highlanders Chapter of the I. O. D. E., all wives or sisters of the volunteers, chose as their share of the relief the making of bed socks, pillows and pillow pads. The manifold uses of the latter were discovered in the South African war, when ninety of these little soft squares, made of cheese cloth and filled with wadding were given by one old lady.

Every care has been taken with the making of these comforts, and every thread for cutting has been truly drawn that they may be a real "comfort" to a wounded soldier.

"We are making two hundred of these for the soldiers," explained a worker, whose husband is one of the officers, "but we are going to look after our own men particularly this winter, and the women left behind."

They don't talk much about the war, these women. They are beginning to realize some of the deeps sounded by the women in the mother country to whom war is a closer thing, and as one of the older workers, said as she bent over the sewing table. "We must not think or talk about it while we are preparing, or we could never get done. These things bring it so close."

There are many energetic bodies of women in the city who have not only accomplished what they promised to undertake but have far exceeded their voluntary contribution. There is the Red Cross Auxiliary of North Toronto, who completed over three thousand housewives, containing safety pins, darning needles, sewing needles, thimbles, scissors, buttons, linen thread, black and grey darning wool. They have been working together with unabated zeal, and have announced their intention of continuing as long as the war lasts.

The "women of the hill" as the members of the neighborhood society working at the Methodist Deaconess House style themselves, have chosen the making of pyjamas as their work, and have turned them out in large numbers.

Another neighborhood society comprising the women of the more northerly portion of the city are spending all available time in St. Luke's schoolroom where sewing machines are busy running long seams, and ready fingers are transforming bolts of cotton and flannel into sheets and pillow cases. It matters little whether the sun shines or the rain comes down in torrents outside, mothers and daughters are working side by side without cessation, for this is no "fair weather" work

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**A USEFUL WAR ATLAS.** To follow the events of the war intelligently the UNIVERSAL HAND ATLAS is invaluable for handy reference. It contains 300 pages of up-to-date maps, pronouncing index, and challenges comparison with the best and most expensive libral Atlas.

In the present war a map of Europe is of little use, besides being of an unwieldly and cumbersome size the actual fighting area is never shown in enough detail. Here however, we have large scale maps of the Kiel Canal, Belgian Frontier, Eastern France, German Colonies, Cities of Antwerp, Brussels Paris, etc.

**A GERMAN PLOT AGAINST ENGLAND,** is the subject of THE RIDDLE OF THE SANDS. The author is an authority on military matters and his book created such a stir as to lead the British War Office to investigate the feasability of the plot. It is illustrated with four charts of the Dutch and German coasts.

**THE WAR IN THE AIR.** Mr. Wells' famous romance is particularly appropriate reading at this moment.

**WITH KITCHENER TO KHARTUM,** by G. W. Stevens. So little is generally known of Earl Kitchener's personality (beyond his reticence and self-effacement that has present heavy responsibilities lend an additional interest to this account of his earliest great achievement.

**MAINSPRINGS OF RUSSIA and WHAT I SAW IN RUSSIA.** What do you know about Russia? Little or nothing, unless you are very different from the average man. To understand the part our Russian allies are to play in this great conflict one should read these two books by the Hon. Maurice Baring—lucid, vivid, terse and authoritative.

**IN ACTION,** by F. Britten Austin. We read in the papers such items as "the enemy attacked in force, and pushed forward until close to our main defence," or that "a detachment of cavalry and light artillery was caught in an ambush and annihilated." But how many of us realize what modern warfare feels like to the man in the firing line?

**THE ANGLO-GERMAN PROBLEM,** by Chas. Sarolea. Dr. Sarolea is among those who foresaw the conflict and his book makes particularly elegant reading now the thunderbolt has fallen. As a Belgian by birth a Scottish Professor by education and a citizen of the world by instinct he is well qualified to sum up impartially the rights and wrongs of the rivalry between Germany and Britain.

**FAMOUS MODERN BATTLES,** by Captain Atteridge. Although written by a military expert, the author's style is so lucid that the finer points of the tactics and strategy are clear as noonday to the ordinary reader. The battles include: Lule Burgas, Mukden, Paardeberg, Omdurman, Tel-el-Kebir, Resonville and Gravelotte of 1870, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. There are copious plans of each battle.

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### Read Canada Monthly and Follow The Flag!

Canada's eyes are on the bulletin board these days. And it isn't baseball—IT'S WAR. The newspapers can give you a battle in two lines. But to get the life, the color, the world-convulsing movement of the thing, you need the space that a magazine alone can give. CANADA MONTHLY [illegible] correspondents with our own contingent, [illegible] wearing the King's uniform who have promised to [illegible] by fast and write home letters at night. Besides [illegible] the magazine has special War writers at the home base [illegible] men who will take Canada's [illegible] place [illegible] who will report the heart throbs of the Empire as the second Contingent musters and the women give up their men for the Front. You can't get the War feel without it—THE MAGAZINE THAT GOES WITH THE CONTINGENT.


The filling of kit bags has been chosen by a large number of the women, and though the taste of the workers may run more to pinks and blues for the pyjamas than military regulations would seem to allow, they will be no less appreciated by the boys who wear them, and a little pincushion inscribed "God is love" which called up a few quiet smiles among the onlookers as it was slipped into the kit bag, may have a truer significance among the horrors of war, than one would dream of.

From east to west have come reports of enthusiastic work and though there may be a little difference of opinion amongst the experienced knitters as to the length and width of the wristlets which have been hurried on account of an appeal from camp, the Red Cross regulations which have been given out have been carefully followed that there may be a uniformity among the contributions sent,

As might be expected, the nurses are not only willing to give their professional services but also their spare time to the cause,

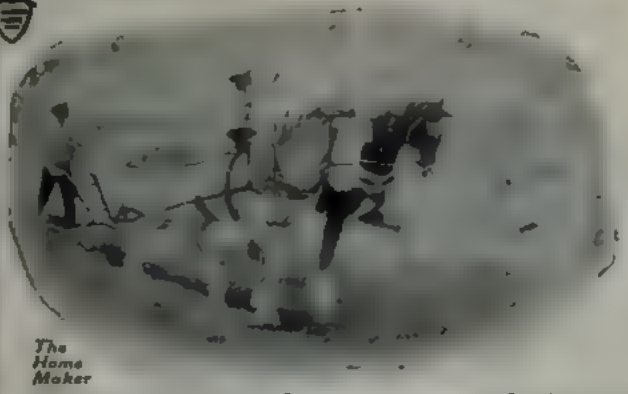
After an enthusiastic meeting at the Toronto General Hospital, it was decided to devote several rooms in the Graduate Nurses' Club, to sewing the promised three hundred hospital night shirts to be cut out at the General and the Sick Children's Hospitals. That they have the stamp of practical knowledge adds not a little to their usefulness.

The Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire have fully carried out their name, sending in supply after supply of articles, for the comfort of the men both sick and well, even forming new Chapters for the sake of carrying on the good work, one Chapter providing one hundred shirts, another taking sheets, pillows, etc.

From the outlying districts of Toronto have constantly come loyal offers. Between fifty and sixty women of Centre Island have been sewing unceasingly, making handkerchiefs, sheets, pillow cases, etc., and the list of completed articles was a monument to their generosity and energy.

The Patriotic societies such as the United Empire Loyalists' Association have been and are doing their part, making and filling kit bags, etc., and even the Women's Art Association has been an auxiliary.

Aside from Toronto's part in the Red Cross work, from every town and city in Ontario have come reports of the same zealous work. Each municipality with its boys in the contingent, has also its women ready to stand behind them and see to it that privation and suffering are not added to the horrors of war—if all their loving work can prevent it. Money collected by



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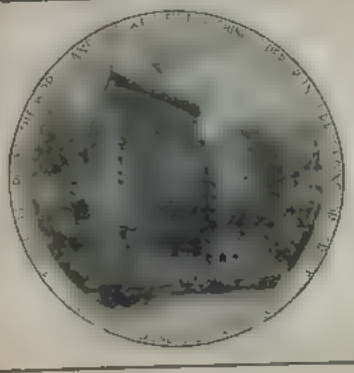

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subscription, volunteer contributions and supplies, have poured in to the Red Cross Society in a way which proves that however long the war may last, and no matter how many Canadian men are called to the front, the women are ready to make and give to provide them with every comfort

But it is not only to the cities that the Red Cross Society turns. After the contributions had been sent in to the Hospital Ship Fund in generous amounts from all the country districts of Ontario, Mr. George A Putnam, director of the Women's Institutes for the Department of Agriculture, addressed a circular to the different branches, asking for contributions of money and supplies for the Red Cross work and giving the wants of the Society as follows:—3,000 pillows, 3,000 to 4,000 flannel shirts, 10,000 to 12,000 handkerchiefs made of cheese cloth, 2,000 to 3,000 cholera belts, 6,000 to 7,000 pairs of socks, 5,000 housewives or mending kits, fitted.

A heartier response could hardly be imagined. One small institute volunteered thirty pillows, sixty-two handkerchiefs, twelve yards of bandages, one hundred and forty-three pillow slips. Another offered $100.00 worth of supplies, another crab-apple jelly for the hospital, another $10.00 worth of necessaries each month, another fifty large pillow slips and a dozen pillows with two dozen pillow slips to match, a dozen pairs of socks, and a quilt. A pathetic letter from Peterboro district, from a mother whose son was in the first contingent, asked for directions for making cholera belts, as she was a good knitter and wanted to make a dozen "for our boys."

It was a brave little woman at the St. Lawrence market in Toronto, who gave the keynote to the whole situation in the country district, as she talked with a customer purchasing one of her chickens

The smile on her face only added pathos to the glisten of tears on her eyelashes, but there was no tremble in her voice as she said,

"Yes, indeed, I am working for the soldiers. I have made up all my chicken and goose feathers into pillows, and I'm working every afternoon with the neighbors around me making sheets and night shirts, and knitting belts. I have one boy in the contingent, and another who has volunteered but has not been accepted yet. People say, 'How can you let your boys go so lightly?' but," with a straightening of her shoulders, and a brave smile. "I would be ashamed not to give my sons when they are needed. I wouldn't like to have the conscience of the woman who refused to let them go. I love my boys, but I couldn't refuse to let them fight for their country"

That's the secret of it—the love of the old flag, which prompts the giving of boys, and chickens and geese, with the same brave heart. It is a like spirit that possessed the farmer's wife near by, whose three sons were all fighting for the Empire, one a petty officer on a British war ship before the Kiel canal that claimed the honor of being the first to engage the German fleet, the next a soldier in the British regulars, and the youngest a Canadian volunteer.

"My husband was a veteran of the British army and would go too, if he were not too old," she said.

. . . . . .

But there came a day, like a great sigh at the end of a rushing paragraph, when all the cholera bands were knitted and all the kit bags were full, and the Toronto Headquarters had itself house-cleaned for inspection. Like was piled with like—here a grey mountain of wristlets for Valcartier, yonder a pink and blue crag of pyjamas for the Hospitals.

Then the workers did a little flag waving

Every parcel was stuck full of tiny British and Canadian banners, flowers blazed on the cutting-tables and the sewing machines rested from their labors, each with a bouquet atop.

"Everybody's all dressed up to-day," the reporter remarked, as she took photos with the work backgrounding the workers

A soft-hearted friend-in-need called the newsgatherer aside to admire a Balaclava cap.

"Don't whisper it," she said, "but—the Duchess is coming at eleven o'clock!"

The limousine drove up with as little notice as would have been accorded to the arrival of any other worker. Lady Gibson escorted the Vice-regal visitor up the broad steps and through the flag-decked rooms, where the ladies waited to explain as the Duchess graciously questioned. It was all simple, dignified, in accord with the Empire-greatness of the moment.

But——

Did you ever think that it might be hard to be an ex-German Princess in the Canada of to-day? Did it ever strike you that Her Royal Highness may not find it easy to inspect Hospital supplies and listen to patriotic speeches and scan the programmes at All-Red concerts, when her English comes less easy than the speech of the Vaterland?

This is a day of strange tidings, strange struggles and momentous gifts. The little countrywoman is not the only brave lady. The Duchess too, unostentatiously but with true nobility of sacrifice, wears her Red Badge of Courage.

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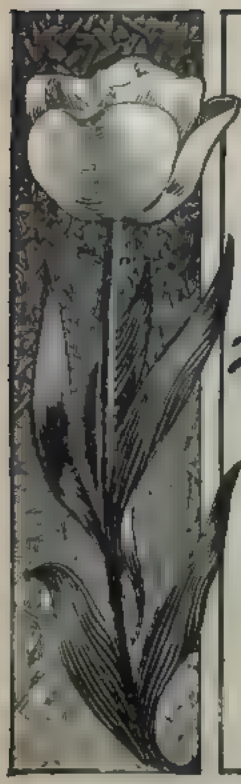
## *The Man Who Put It Over*

Continued from page 398

castically inquired as to whether the Brigadier was of any possible use whatsoever, and whether he could lead ducks any better than he could lead cavalry. He finished his oration, which which was highly colored with cuss-words, with the simple statement to the effect that the youngest subaltern in the other Cavalry Brigade could lead that of the culprit better far than he could do so himself.

French is undoubtedly a wonderful man. Except, perhaps, in the one matter of considering that horses are made of iron and can thrive better on long and rapid marches than on oats his men give him credit for never making a mistake. He was one of the few almost the only general [illegible] who neither made an error of judgment nor suffered a reverse. That [illegible] a good deal when one remembers the nature of the fighting and its rever-



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sal of all accepted tenets of strategy and tactics

I found in South Africa that if, in any of the towns, the surrendered Boers should ask whom you served under and you replied "French", they gaped at you as being something quite out of the common run of British soldiers. He acquired an almost demoniac reputation among the Boers for being able to be in two places at once

"What is the use?" they asked. "We dig trenches, place cannon, and keep the British back for hours; and with our spy-glasses we think we see his cavalry lurking behind—but, presently, round he comes on our line of retreat."

It is a curious and interesting fact that in all the despatches Lord Roberts sent to the War Office while in South Africa in which French's name appeared, the adjective "magnificent" was always applied to his work.

French it was who made that brilliant march to the relief of besieged Kimberley. French it was who was mainly responsible for penning in Cronje at Paardeberg, where he was finally forced to surrender after a gallant defence of his laager. When Kimberley was relieved by French, he rode into the town at the exact time Lord Roberts had wished for, having marched ninety miles with heavy artillery and having fought two successful engagements in four and a half days.

He is not the stern, cold, relentless man that Kitchener is. He is more like Lord Roberts in humanity of thought; but he never lets his heart sway him in times of war. He is a demon for work himself; he works others; but he knows how to take care of his men

It is because of all these ideally soldier-like qualities, this perfection of military efficiency, that the British Empire feels confidence in the little man. "Johnny" French is on the job, and he knows his job, they say, so why worry? I am thinking that this is identically how his army feels. Kitchener, the new War Lord, knows him and selected him for the task that most British soldiers would almost sell their souls for. Kitchener knows a man when he sees one. And that is essentially what little "Johnny" French is—One hundred per cent *Man*

## Wild Wells

Continued from page 432

haze; a geyser of fine sand was streaming upward and eating away the lofty crown-block.

Seth knew what it was. He found Tom, and they gesticulated at each other; they made faces, but no audible sound. Their voices were vain as candles in the full sunlight. Each was trying to yell the same thing.

"She's a gasser, blowing her head off."

They were soaked, drowned, obliterated in a sea of intolerable noise.

The animals of the region were greatly disturbed. There was much breaking of harness on the part of horses, and one or two galloped about under empty saddles; their riders were doubtless stuck in the mud somewhere, head first. A few pigs, wandering here and there, had sniffed at the noise and returned to their luxurious wallows in the oily muck.

Suddenly Tom clutched Seth and pointed. He saw one of the pigs struggle and pant, then fall over. Others did the same. A frightened hound came scurrying about for its master, stopped short, shivered, fought for breath, dropped dead. Chickens flopped on their backs as if bowled over by unheard shot. Tom's helper, Bill Abbot, suddenly sniffed the air, and started to run; he staggered like a drunkard, and fell. Seth and Tom dashed for him, holding their breath, and dragged him from danger.

Seth thought of his family. A sluggish river of fatal gas was flowing toward the boarding-house. He covered his nose with his handkerchief and ran.

When he dashed into his own room, he found Alice huddled under the bed clothes, wrapping the pillow about her ears and the baby's. He caught her up in his arms and ran with her.

Tom had followed Seth into the house and now followed him out, dragging the landlady and her daughter, each by an arm. Mrs. Bunnell, at that hour, was not ready to receive, and she was scratching Tom with might and main. Sister Jane chiefly regretted her curl papers; she was whacking Tom with a wire hairbrush.

But the three women were like the Sabines in the arms of the Romans; their resistance was unavailing till Seth and Tom had gained a safe distance to the windward. Then the women could look back and see the chickens, the pigs and the dogs lying asphyxiated by the invisible death that flowed stealthily north, instantly paralyzing any living thing that breathed of it deeply.

When there were no more lives to save, Seth and Tom took counsel in such sign language as they could improvise

The crew knew their business and hurried to the nearest general store, where they got wads of cotton which they packed into their ears. Then they went plowing through the greasy mud till they found a patch of blue clay. They dug their hands into it and slapped it over their ears by the fistful. When they were masked, all but the eyes, nose and mouth, the followed Seth's lead, and keeping to the windward of the deadly breeze made a rush for the derrick

The sand blast that ate away the collars on the joints of pipe and the case-hardened rings of the new rotary table, spared the softer tissues of their faces and hands, but the scream of the giant gas whistle slashed the [illegible] heads with the agony of countl[illegible]

Orders were given by seizing a man and pointing. The crew worked like mad, sweating with the torment of the din. Everything was bungled in the haste and had to be done twice; but, in time, with roi[illegible] and an open gate-valve, and a joint of pipe made up tight into one piece, [illegible] swung from the torn and shattered derrick. Failure followed failure before it was firmly screwed into the well casing. Then pipe was taken at random without regard to ownership, and


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A PRESENT TO YOU
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Little Miss Muffet, sat on a tuffet,
Eating her Syrup and Bread,
A spider who spied her, sat down beside her
And to Miss Muffet he said,
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made into a line a few hundred feet long, at the end of which the gas was set on fire. The titanic shriek stopped as if Niagara were suddenly turned to stone. There was only the dull roar of a great flame twisting and winding in unearthly beauty.

"There's oil in that gas strata; notice them red streaks in that blue flame?" said Tom.

"We've got to kill that gas first," said Seth. "I wish we had Decker's hydraulic pump, 'Old Betsy.' Garragan has the mules and wagon and he is in Houston to-day celebrating Christmas, but his stable niggers will die for me. We ought to have nine sticks of 60 per cent. dynamite down in that hole before night."

The other men took off their clay masks, pulled the waste from their aching ears, ate ravenously, drank like men half-dead of thirst, then set to work making the necessary foundation and steam connections for "Decker's Old Betsy."

Before these were ready, the sun was down, but by the light of the huge gas flare, six jack-rabbit mules came dragging a wide-wheeled wagon. In the middle, heavily chained to the bed, was "Old Betsy." With rollers, skids and crow-bars she was coaxed into place on the hastily made foundation. The wheel of the gate-valve was screwed tight and the light from the great torch went out. There was only a little glimmer from a new moon. When "Betsy" was ready, steam was turned on, and then the battle began.

"Fourteen inches of steam behind a five-inch piston, it ought to go against that gas," said Tom. "She'll do six hundred pounds. I've seen her."

But if "Betsy's" credit was good for six hundred she failed to show it. She filled her suction pipe, made half a dozen quick strokes, then stood quivering with effort, steam jetting from the safety valve.

"Look out," said Tom. "There's gas coming up on the outside of the casing; there'll be hell popping heah in a minute."

The men scattered; the derrick foundation trembled. There was a gurgle and splash below the derrick floor.

"Well, I be—look at them durned craw fish comin' out of their holes," cried Tom.

There was something uncanny in their scuttering flight from the holes where water and gas were bubbling. The gas had cut its way up outside the pipe and threatened to open the crater of a small Vesuvius.

But Seth would not budge at such a crisis. He remained alone in the trembling derrick.

"Hang a pair of chain tongs on that safety valve!" he shouted. Then he

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opened the steam valve wide and stepped outside the derrick. The faithful "Old Betsy" slowly picked up her natural gait and doggedly forced the gas back down the pipe under the pressure of steam and muddy water, until Seth had his wild well under control. A column of thick mud a thousand feet high weighed too much even for that stream of gas. The well was dead for the time being. But the oil was still unfound—if oil there were. And now Seth's one word was:

"Dynamite !"

Meanwhile some of the men had got the wire, others the dynamite, another the plunger magneto.

A long, heavy piece of cast iron was attached below the dynamite as a sinker. Then the condensed annihilation was lowered carefully into the well, with the tenderness that would be shown a sick baby.

Seth would never let his men take a risk that he could take himself.

"Here goes my best hope in this oil field. It makes me or breaks me," he said as he attached the two black and greasy wires to the magneto.

And then he took the lever with both hands, and gave it a quick plunge——

Far down below there was a muffled thud, there was a quiver of the ground, an anxious silence that imperceptibly crescendoed into a mutter, a gurgle, a growl, a roar, a god-like whoop—and a vast tower of black oil was shooting aloft and splashing back with a sound that was angelic symphony to the oil men's very souls.

It was nearly midnight when he appeared again at the boarding-house, which a rising wind had swept clear of the fumes. He washed up, as well as he could, in the moonlight at the tin basin on the soap box outside, but he was still somewhat the worse for fatigue and his anointment was overdone. But Alice gathered him close and kissed him more than once.

Seth was so excited that he began at once to gabble business:

"We estimate the well at 15,000 barrels a day. Old Hazelton came round an hour ago and offered me $25,000 cash as she flows. But I told him that with oil at the present price, I'd clean up that much in a few days, so I declined. You see, 15,000 barrels of oil at 38 cents a barrel makes"——

"You can tell me that tomorra, honey," said Alice, stopping his lips with a kiss. "We-all mustn't forget that this is Christmas—and there's only a few minutes left of it."

"Good Lord, so it is ! Well, well, well ! We didn't have a white Christmas and I didn't hear a sleigh-bell; but still, it sure was busy some, and with good black oil at 38 cents a barrel and snow at nothing a ton—I oughtn't to complain."


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"Aren't you glad I robbed the bank ?" said Alice, shamelessly triumphant.

"Yes, I thought of that," said Seth, sheepishly. "I'm kind of ashamed and kind of proud. I guess it will be square if we refund what we borrowed with 100 per cent. for the loan. A newspaper reporter asked me what the name of this well would be, and I told him 'The Little Tin Bank.' He said, 'Why ?' and I said, 'Because.' "

"And that's reason enough," said Alice. "But we owe it all to the baby." Then Seth, Sr., and Mrs. Seth Sr., knelt down by the bed and seized Seth, Jr. They kissed him and nuzzled him so that he lost count of his toes and had to begin all over again.

## *The Jade Earring*

Continued from page 404.

about the irreconcilable contradiction that had been confronting him for months—the thing that must be true, yet couldn't be true.

After all, what gave me the privilege of being called his friend, was my ability to understand and make allowances. Somehow or other, he had had a bad quarter of an hour himself that morning. Perhaps in some queer way I couldn't guess at, the discovery of his loss had brought up the old contradiction to stare him in the face—had given him a moment of almost superstitious panic, which, now that a rational explanation had suggested itself as an alternative, he didn't feel like acknowledging the existence of, even to me.

I went over to him and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"All right," I said; "let's find it; I'm sure I haven't anything better to do, and if there turns out to be any thing else you want to tell me about later, why you can tell it and be sure that I shall try to understand. Come ! Let's get down to business. What is your clue ?"

"It's almost childishly simple," said Jeffrey. "I'm ashamed of myself that I didn't think of it the moment I discovered the loss, instead of blowing up that way. Why, you'll think of it yourself in a minute. And here's your chance !" he added, as a knock at the door interrupted us.

His Jap was out somewhere, so Jeffrey answered it himself.

"How do you do, Mr. Petersen ?" he said, and ushered the stranger in.

Petersen was a clumsy looking man of the skilled-mechanic type; warmly and comfortably and properly dressed enough, but his clothes looking as if he were in the habit of getting down on his hands and knees and carrying heavy objects around in his pockets.

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"Mr. Petersen," said Jeffrey, "is the decorator who did over the building last fall." Then he astonished me by turning to Petersen and saying: "I'm thinking of having a little more work done. Oh, this is perfectly satisfactory and I wouldn't think of calling in the landlord. It's on my own account entirely. Don't you think yourself, Drew"—he turned to me—"that the walls would compose into better looking panels if we had a second frieze carried around there about a third of the way down ?"

"I don't know anything about art and composition," said I. "You certainly know that. You will have to decide that for yourself."

It was too ridiculous. Here was Jeffrey who had run away for a three months' vacation because the decorators got on his nerves, deliberately invoking them again when he got back. Naturally enough, Petersen favored the project.

"That's very well done," said Jeffrey to me—"the upper frieze. It's very skilled work, you know. Has to be done by hand."

Then he turned back to Petersen. "I'd want the same man to do it that did the other."

Petersen shook his head. "I can't accommodate you there, I'm afraid, sir. I had to turn that fellow off. Oh, he was a good workman, but rules are rules."

"He came on the job drunk, I suppose ?" said Jeffrey.

"No," said Petersen, "he was steady enough. Why, I don't mind telling you; though it seems rather hard. I turned him off because his wages were garnisheed by a loan-office. You can't get skilled work out of men with that on their minds."

"I see," said Jeffrey. "But you think you could find me someone else just as good ?"

"Oh, yes," said Petersen. "No trouble about that."

"Well," said Jeffrey, "I'll let you know. I will call you up in the morning when I've made up my mind. Thank you very much for coming."

Petersen had opened the door and was in the act of starting out, Jeffrey watching him absent-mindedly, a frown on his face.

"Poor devil," he said, under his breath. Then, suddenly struck with an idea, he called out: "Oh, Petersen, give me that chap's address, will you —the one you discharged ? I'm supposed to belong to some sort of protective league for that loan-shark business. Maybe we could do something to help him out."

Petersen hesitated a minute, then took a shabby note-book out of his pocket and read out the name and address of the man he had discharged.

Jeffrey wrote it in charcoal on the back of a stretcher.

"All right," he said. "You'll hear from me in the morning."

Jeffrey shut the door and the next minute he was struggling into his coat.

"Come along," said he.

"Where ?" I asked.

He looked at me queerly. "Why, to look up the case of this loan-shark victim, of course. No time like the present. Come along."

In another three minutes we were in a taxi.

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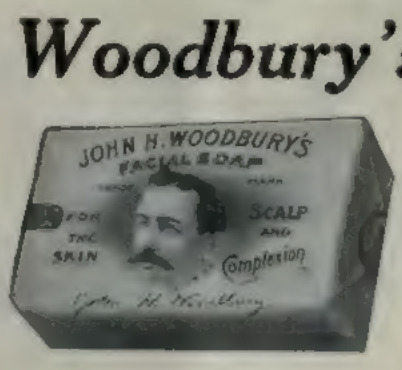


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The address was way up town on the East Side and our taxi stopped at last in front of a dingy brick house, one of a long row, on a shabby cross-town street. Just as we were going to ring the bell the door opened and a man started out. He eyed us with a quick little glance of morose, surly suspicion. A roughly-dressed man, wearing boots stained with lime or kalsomine, and a workman's clothes.

"Oh, Mr. Shean," said Jeffrey, "glad we didn't miss you! Come back a minute, I want to talk to you."

If we had asked him if his name was Shean, I think he'd have denied it and gone on. But there was a mixture of authority and confidence behind Jeffrey's good-natured smile that was almost irresistible. The man hesitated, and having done that much, seemed to find it impossible to do anything but obey Jeffrey's gesture and follow us into the badly lighted, ill-smelling hall. Here Jeffrey stepped back and nodded to him to lead the way.

"What do you want ?" Shean demanded.

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'A chance to talk to you for a moment without interruption," said Jeffrey pleasantly.

The man grunted and led the way to a small room at the back of the house.

Jeffrey, the last one into it, closed the door after him and nodded toward a chair.

"Sit down a minute, please," he said. He waited till Shean had obeyed him and I, rather cautiously, had followed suit. I didn't like the man's looks altogether.

Jeffrey leaned back comfortably against the top of a trunk.

"We work at the same trade," he said, politely. "I'm a painter myself. My name's Arthur Jeffrey and I've got a studio up on Central Park West."

The man started out of his chair and then let himself drop back into it.

"Well," he said savagely, "what do you want?"

"Oh, it's nothing to get excited about," said Jeffrey. "I suppose you got twenty-five or thirty dollars for the frame. You probably needed that more than I do. But I need the picture that was in it more than you do. So I want you to give it back to me."

Shean was on his feet by now and the blustering, furtive terror in his face and in his voice when he spoke were confession enough to me that my friend's shot had rung the bell.

"You're a liar," said Shean—"a damned liar. You don't know what you're talking about."

"I'm talking," said Jeffrey, "about a picture of a girl in a white satin gown. It was in my studio in a French, hand-carved frame. You were at work painting that frieze in my studio. You knew what that frame was worth and where you could sell it. You knew I was off on a three months' vacation and you absolutely had to have the money. Lord, man, I know what that means myself! I never took that means of getting it, but I can understand how a man would. But you couldn't sell the picture. That's preposterous! And I want you to give it back to me."

Shean was staring at him fascinated. Slowly he sat down again. There was a long silence. Finally he spoke through his locked teeth.

"I didn't take any picture. I swear to God I didn't take any picture. The frame was empty when I saw it there. I did take the frame and I sold it. I got eighteen dollars for it and I knew it was worth a hundred and twenty. Eighteen dollars to give to those damned leeches that are sucking all the blood out of me. You can prosecute, and be damned. I wish you would. But I didn't take any picture."

*To be continued.*